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MR. CHURCHILL'S
PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST

The Listener

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The Listener

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Vol. XLV. No. 1151

Thursday March 22 1951

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French Internal Affairs and Foreign Policy

By J.-J. SERVAN-SCHREIBER

THE recent French Government crisis was provoked by a dissension among the Government parties on the electoral law. Seen from another country, the problem of the French electoral law must appear baffling, and it may be rather difficult to understand how, in a period of such important international events, the French political scene can be completely filled by this technical problem of how to elect the next Assembly, since it will not make much difference what system is chosen.

The striking facts, I think, of the past two weeks* in France are these: For the first time in this Fourth Republic, the Government that has been formed after the crisis is exactly the same as it was before. So that it looks obvious to the public that no important problem of policy, either economic or foreign, was the origin of the crisis. This impression has been emphasised by the two declarations of programmes that have been made in the French Assembly in the last ten days: the first by Guy Mollet, the socialist leader, who gave to the Assembly what in his mind were the most important problems to be solved by the next government. He did not once mention the problems of foreign policy, the name of the Soviet Union was not even pronounced, and there was no mention whatsoever of industrial rearmament. M. Queuille, who succeeded M. Mollet as a candidate, also left completely aside, in his declaration, all the problems I have just mentioned. This striking fact is confirmed by conversations one has today with the large majority of political people in Paris, Ministers or Deputies. When

talking to them it seems a little odd to speak about the problems of the cold war or the fight in Korea or the rearmament of Germany. These subjects seem to be completely overlooked. Things go on as if we were in normal peace time. I think their line of reasoning is somewhat like this. They think that public opinion is completely unwilling to make any sacrifices in the standard of living in order to prepare for a real rearmament programme, so they do not mention these subjects, even when as individuals they are convinced that we should prepare.

Then, in turn, since these problems are rarely brought to the public, the public reaction is one of almost complete apathy. The results of this chain of reactions in France are at present quite worrying. First, since it is not explained openly and repeatedly to the public what the real issue is in the international crisis, we are witnessing the phenomenon that the average Frenchman (because of lack of information and discussion) thinks of American rearmament as the greatest danger in provoking war. More and more people are saying, in private conversations, that what they fear most is that in a year and a half or two years from now, American industry will be so geared to rearmament, that nothing will be able to stop the Americans from waging a preventive war. And, lost in the blue, the average reader of French newspapers and the average listener to political speeches understands less and less the motives behind the American attitude and conceives only vaguely why the west should have a policy of containment of Soviet expansion.

* Broadcast on March 15

The second result is that the psychological atmosphere is ripe for the shrewd peace campaigns that the communists have chosen as the best way of implementing their policy. In this manoeuvre the communists are not so much interested in their party card holders, but rather in the moral influence that they can achieve on as large a sector of public opinion as possible. They are completely banking on suspicion of America and the public desire for peace. They present themselves as having only one paramount aim, which is to preserve the peace, and as not interested in other problems.

General Eisenhower and the Atomic Bomb

In other words; today the Atlantic alliance is losing much of its real practical and moral tone. A little incident that happened two days ago gives an indication of the atmosphere here. The newspapers carried the story that General Eisenhower told a secret meeting of Congress in Washington that if the west or the United States were attacked by Russia, he would not hesitate to use the atomic bomb. This seems to be an obvious statement, even a platitude, since the west has relied on the atomic bomb as a deterrent to Russian aggression for the last four years. So it is difficult to conceive the news value of such a speech. However, seven of the ten daily papers in Paris printed the story as being sensational, and half of them declared in their editorials that it was a psychological mistake to have made it. Only one or two supported the Eisenhower statement in their editorials. This is one of the results of the first peace campaign started about eight months ago by the communists with the Stockholm Appeal, which aimed at the moral outlawing of the atomic bomb in Europe. By and large, it can be said that it has been rather successful.

The second move of the communists, as we have seen it in France, was against German rearmament. I will not go into the subject again: it has been widely discussed in the last two or three months. But the result, as you know, is that the will to rearm Germany has been almost neutralised in western Europe, especially in France. In the last weeks the communists have started their third campaign, with the so-called Berlin World Congress for Peace, where a Frenchman presided—the scientist, Joliot-Curie. This time their aim is to prevent any real effort towards rearmament in western Europe itself and to provoke a strong psychological reaction against American rearmament.

I have told you of some of the symptoms seen as a result of these communist tactics. But the real reason why these successive campaigns are efficient is not the communist drive, but the lack of will to react on the part of the government parties. However, most observers who have been touring the French provinces in the recent weeks, going to such places as the industrial north or the south-west, come back with a unanimous impression that French public opinion is ready to understand and accept a strong policy of resistance to communism and military preparedness. There is a very great potential to be mobilised in favour of such a clear-cut policy. The only reason for the present apathy towards the problems of defence and for the misunderstanding of American motives is lack of leadership.

Misunderstanding between Leaders and Public

I should like to give you one example of that misunderstanding between the leaders (who think that the public is not willing to make sacrifices) and the public (who is not told why it should make sacrifices). After the outbreak of the Korean war, when France voted in the United Nations last January in favour of military intervention, it was obvious that a contingent of French troops should participate in the United Nations military campaigns. However, the French Government did not dare even to discuss the subject for two and a half months after the campaign started, being afraid that the public would react against a so-called 'American' war. After waiting that long to take up the matter, they finally sent troops, even then so hesitatingly that it took

three more months for the first French soldier to get into Korea. It is known that the ministers directly in charge of military affairs at that time were very anxious about public reaction when the first news would be made known that the French troops were fighting the Chinese. Well, public opinion was completely different from what was expected by the governmental leaders. The news about the French battalion was widely publicised in the whole French press and commented upon very favourably, except, of course, in the communist and para-communist organs. Especially in the provincial papers, the editorial comments were of pride and satisfaction.

Many observers—and I share their opinion—believe that if the present governmental representatives were to go back to their districts and spend some time with their constituents, there would be a real change in the determination of France to rearm and take a clear stand in the Atlantic alliance. In other words, they believe that the only important thing now is to set an early election date, so that the electoral campaigns can start as soon as possible; in this way our parliamentarians would spend most of the next two or three months with their electors and taking stock of the country.

So that, while political leaders speak only of internal problems, of problems of electoral mechanics, of price stabilisation, and so on, many people believe that the big problem of the elections will rapidly become the question of whether or not we decide to adhere actively to a policy of resistance to communist expansion, internal and external. One proof of this is that the communists themselves, who have the best grass-roots organisation in the country, have almost completely disregarded in their press and their speeches the internal problems of prices, salaries, etc., and are speaking only and repeatedly of the problem of ensuring peace—promoting, of course, their way of doing this, which is compromise with Russia against the so-called war camp of America.

The Gaullist Policy

Apart from the communists, the only party that is putting foreign policy at the top of its list is the party of General de Gaulle. He has followed this policy steadily for the past two years and he is emphasising that line more now with the approach of the elections. He is even carrying it to an exaggerated degree, since he does not consider it important to explain what would be his social programme, his economic policy or his position on any other internal problems, but proposes only to make France the chief bulwark against communism. Even with all the weaknesses of de Gaulle's position, reports from the country show that the very simple line he is taking meets with great success, and this policy, I believe, might very soon open the eyes of the present governmental leaders.

Finally, a survey of the influence of party politics on French foreign policy leads to this conclusion: the present majority parties have a tacit understanding to minimise the international crisis. They think it is better electoral tactics, and also it prevents any dissension among them on the choice of economic methods. However, that theory proves increasingly wrong, as the progress made by the opposition parties shows. So that the real debate on foreign policy will have to start very soon. The true reaction of the French public will then come into the open, so that we have reason to be optimistic about its conclusion.—*Third Programme*

In *Child Emigration* (National Council of Social Service, 5s.) a report by the Women's Group on Public Welfare on the experiences of children who go to the Dominions has been published. The report, which is illustrated, describes the historical background, the way in which children are selected for emigration, gives case histories of some child emigrants, and the methods of keeping records. It deals with the question of training for emigration, and discusses the arrangements made for education and training for careers. It makes recommendations concerning the methods of selecting child emigrants, the living arrangements for groups of children, foster care and after-care, the keeping of records, and legal guardianship. The survey was limited to British children emigrating without their families, and the advantages as well as the difficulties are presented.

Israel and the Cold War

By PHILIP TOYNBEE

WHEN people hear that I have had a recent chance to meet Israelis and study life in Israel, they often ask where the youngest of sovereign states stands in the Cold War. The official answer was given by the Government soon after the founding of the state in 1948. It was then laid down that the country's policy was to be one of 'Non-Identification'—and this declaration of policy has never since then been denied or rescinded. But I believe that the reality, even though there has been no official declaration of it, is that Israel has identified herself with the Western Powers.

The decisive action was taken in July of last year when the Israeli Government came out in support of the Security Council's action in Korea, and agreed to contribute medical supplies to the United Nations forces. I think, too, that there is now little doubt that this was shortly followed by a tentative Israeli application for Marshall Aid. Nothing came of it—perhaps because the American conditions were too exacting for a country in Israel's delicate position.

No one could pretend that this small struggling Middle-Eastern state will make a vital difference to United Nations' strategy or hopes. It is true that the Israeli army is, after the Turkish, the best and strongest in the Middle East. The raw volunteers and levies of 1948 defeated the five Arab armies sent against them, and since that time they have been welded into a well-equipped and well-disciplined modern army (which could certainly account for the Arabs even more quickly than before). But unfortunately no Middle-Eastern system of defence appears to exist, and 300,000 Israelis, however brave, are unlikely to be very effective. Of course, if there was an effective alliance with countries like Greece and Turkey, things might be very different. But to my mind the principal interest of Israel's position is not so much strategic as political. I have no doubt that the effort to preserve non-identification was genuine, and that every retreat from it was made with reluctance. But the question is, is it possible for a very small and weak country to remain neutral in the Middle East?

Neutrality is in the interest of most small countries if it can be achieved, and Israel is no exception. No small state within five hundred miles of Russia's frontier gaily associates herself with Russia's enemies. But Israel has peculiar and personal reasons for remaining on the best possible terms with the eastern bloc. For one thing, there are still many hundreds of thousands of Jews in Hungary and Rumania, and a steady

if diminishing stream of immigrants is flowing from those countries to the port of Haifa. The satellite countries have always been strongly anti-Zionist—particularly those like Rumania which have had a strong Jewish element in the government. In fact, so strong is this governmental policy in Rumania that anti-Zionist last minute warnings have even been hung across the gangways of emigrant ships. Yet it seems that only



Immigrants from Hungary arriving at Haifa. They had received agricultural training in preparation for settlement in Israel

very occasionally has the emigration been flatly prohibited; and the Israeli Government has done all in its power to prevent this from happening. And there is another point here. It has never been forgotten in Israel that there are *more than three million* Jews in Russia. I think I am right in saying that, since the foundation of the state of Israel, not more than a dozen of these have been officially allowed to emigrate to Israel. Yet, however pathetically improbable it may seem, hope has not yet been abandoned of somehow persuading Russia to open her gates to Jews who wish to leave. And we shall not forget that the ruling caste in Israel is largely of Russian origin. President Weizmann, Prime Minister Ben Gurion, Foreign Minister Sharett and many other of the country's most important administrators belong to what almost amounts to an old nobility. These Russians were indeed the earliest and the most devoted of all the pioneers of Zionism.

At the same time, I need not emphasise that Israel's very existence depends, in the most direct and immediate way, on keeping the goodwill of America—or at the very least, of Americans. Without generous financial contributions from American Jewry, the new state could not survive a month. In the past, some of these individual American Jews have become a little restive in the face of Israel's obvious determination to go her own way. For example, they did not greatly care for the semi-socialist welfare state which was being created, or for the very general assumption in Israel that all good Jews ought to leave their present homes for the hazardous heroism of life in Zion. As a matter of fact, in August of last year this, the extremist Zionist position, was solemnly renounced by Ben Gurion. A delegation of American Jewish business men had come to Tel Aviv in order to be told what further contribution would be required of them. Their leader began the proceedings by strongly refuting any supposed sense of exile among American Jews. America, he insisted, was their home, and would remain their home. Ben Gurion warmly endorsed his remarks, and renounced any political claim on the Jews outside Israel. So you



Israeli soldiers in an Army Day Parade, Jerusalem, April 1950

see, economic pressure is the most immediate single factor in the life of Israel. And believe me, it is not a matter of sacrificing principles for the sake of living in comfort. It is simply a question of the state's existence—clearly a principle which overrides every other.

From the outside the word 'Israel' has a misleadingly solid ring about it. It is the reward of half-a-century's Zionist endeavour, refuge of the Jews, victor over the Arab States, and home of collective settlements. Yet inside the country you find all the major political cracks of our time opening. Israel has, indeed, a thousand social and political oddities, but the basic issue is there.

In itself the communist part of Israel is of little importance. Its principal support in the last elections came from the legitimately disgruntled remnants of the Arab population, and that particular disgruntlement may well prove to have been only a temporary result of the war and the exodus. In any case, with three representatives in a parliament of 120, little attention is paid. But last year's parliamentary resolution which approved the Government's support of United Nations in Korea was opposed by twenty deputies, while eight abstained from voting. The greater part of this opposition came from the Mapam or United Workers Party. The nearest parallel to this peculiar but socially influential organisation is perhaps to be found in Signor Nenni's Socialist Party in Italy. In international affairs Mapam keeps as close to the Russian line as it can. Yet, unlike the communists and many of the fellow-travellers in the west, Mapam supporters explicitly put the interests of their own country before those of the Soviet Union. Yet Mapam has again and again made it clear that the party is opposed to Israel's present drift towards the west. Their leaders claim to favour genuine neutrality, but in spoken and written words they leave little doubt that they would prefer a clear alignment with Russia and her satellites.

It is true that on the present issue both the Government and many private individuals claim that adherence to a United Nations' decision in no way commits Israel to an alignment with the west. There is still a tendency in Israel to talk emphatically of the struggle between Northern and Southern Korea. You might imagine that these isolated unities are conducting a purely local war. Technically this is perfectly true. Yet in the present state of world politics it is futile to think only in terms of technicalities, or to try to overlook the two giant shadows which fall against each other across the world. Israel's approval of the United Nations' decision was a momentous one, and it has been uneasily recognised as such even by those who most emphatically insist on the purely technical side of it. Certainly it has been so recognised by the parliamentary representatives of Mapam, and last July's debate on the Foreign Minister's statement was conducted in a revealing atmosphere of high

feeling. It is no wonder at all that feelings ran high then, for this statement, in spite of its many and cautious qualifications, plainly marked the beginning of the end of Israel's neutrality. The months which have followed have made this trend increasingly plain. Inside the country it is safe to say that there is no longer the slightest possibility of a left-wing alliance between the official Labour Party (Mapai) and Mapam. Sorting themselves out, after the fraternal glow of the Arab war and the early days of the state, the two parties have found themselves on opposite sides of the highest fence of our time. Mapam members, we may be sure, will do their best to prevent every further step in the western alignment. In an extremity I am afraid that some of them might even risk the security of their country by resorting to economic sabotage. But it is against all reason and probability that they will succeed in reversing this natural development.

Last month the government of Ben Gurion disintegrated, and new general elections will probably be held in the near future. The issue on which Ben Gurion's Labour Party clashed with its former allies in the coalition was a purely internal one. Yet the repercussions of this dispute will eventually affect Israel's international attitude and position. Ever since the 1948 elections Mapai had been in uneasy coalition with the religious bloc, a composite political group representing the twenty to thirty per cent. of genuinely devout Israelis. Sternly traditionalist on all matters affecting the ancient Jewish faith, this religious bloc was, nevertheless, a progressive force on other domestic issues. However, I feel sure that the next governing coalition will be an alliance of Mapai (the largest party in the country) with the right-wing General Zionists. These General Zionists are sternly conservative, harshly critical of the welfare state, vigorously pro-American and anti-Russian. So it seems likely that the natural westward trend of the country's foreign policy will be sharply speeded up in the near future. Mapam and the communists may well lose seats in the next elections, and become even more impotent in their opposition to this trend than they have been in the past.

It is a universal misfortune that the best friends of the west are by no means invariably the best friends of their own people. In France and Italy an anti-communist alignment in foreign policy has tended to coincide with a tragic decrease in the Government's sense of internal social responsibility. In spite of many anomalies, Israel today is a genuine welfare state, pervaded with the spirit of western social democratic theory. And this is as true of Mapai as of Mapam. I personally hope that Israel can be the second country after Britain to show that strict support of the United Nations and a firm attitude to Russia need not necessarily be accompanied by reactionary political tendencies at home.—*Home Service*

Finland's Achievements and Difficulties

By UNTO VARJONEN

FINNISH people fully realise the dangers which today once more threaten world peace. One sometimes hears prophecies that history might repeat itself: the Olympic Games in 1952 may take place neither in Finland nor anywhere else. But these gloomy thoughts do not in the least upset either the activities or the life of the Finns.

There are plenty of people in the world today who, by looking at the map, consider themselves able to predict whether or not any one country has a chance of maintaining her position among the free nations. These people see Finland, if not in other respects at least geographically, situated behind the now so-called 'Iron Curtain'. We Finns are of the opinion that we can believe in the future just as much as any other nation. If a third world war breaks out, geographical longitudes and latitudes will be of no avail anyway. The history of the Finnish people after the second world war is an example of what can be done by remaining calm and trusting in the future. This country of about 4,000,000 inhabitants lost approximately 100,000 men killed and about 500,000 inhabitants evacuated from the territory ceded to the Soviet Union. About ten per cent. of her industrial and natural resources were lost, war reparations representing at present £700,000,000 were imposed, and political complications arose into the bargain.

This is the present-day situation: all displaced persons now have a home and a way of life, partly owing to extensive land reformation having been effected. War reparations have been fully met up to the

present day—certain reductions having been granted by the Soviet Union—and the remaining liabilities will be met to the last cent. The general standard of living among the greater masses of the population is better than before the war.

These are achievements of which the Finns may justly be proud. But there are two sides to every question. One cannot close one's eyes to the fact that numerous weak spots have become apparent during the post-war period. To a great extent the Finns are, as a nation, individualistic and reticent. There is an old story about a pioneer in the backwoods who saw a chip floating on the river. It immediately occurred to him that he must have a neighbour some ten miles distant. He was not at all pleased—quite the contrary. He asked his wife to pack a couple of days' rations in his haversack. He took his axe, and off he went—to meet his neighbour, and to kill him! Today Finns do not kill their neighbours, but there is still something of the hermit in them. In post-war days, strong conflicting social interests have been, and are still, struggling for power, and in this struggle the common good of the country as a whole has not always been considered. To some extent we lack the self-discipline which I admire particularly in the English. I am afraid we neither blindly obey orders like the Germans, nor do we always readily comply with instructions like the British.

All this has led to confusion in political life. We have many parties, all of which have sprung up in order to promote the economic interests

(continued on page 459)

Problems before Pakistan

By FARID JAFARI

ON August 15, 1947—that is, exactly twenty-four hours after the inception of Pakistan—it was a common sight to see groups of people here, there and everywhere, saying: 'Now we are free! Now we must . . .' Then one heard a long list of things which were regarded by them as most essential. 'Oh, we must educate ourselves', they would say. 'We must have more houses. We must have better houses. We must have more to eat. We must have better food. We must have more hospitals. We must have better hospitals. We must have more means of communication. We must have better means of communication'.

Starting from Scratch

This list of 'musts' read on and on and on. They knew that the country had to begin from scratch. On August 15, 1947, the Government of Pakistan lacked even the essentials for ordinary offices. There was no furniture, there was no stationery, there were no typewriters, there were no desks. Yes, the people realised that they were starting from scratch. But then they thought, and firmly believed, that Quaid-i-Azam, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, who was then alive, could perform miracles. Quaid-i-Azam, on the other hand, was an ardent champion of democracy, and knew that democracy, though steady and sure, was inevitably slow.

With this great confidence in democracy the Quaid-i-Azam set up the machinery for the working of the new country which was born almost overnight. Some of this machinery had to be brand new, and some of it had to be overhauled. Hardly had he started to perform this task when the influx of refugees started pouring into Pakistan, and brought with it the new and baffling problems of rehabilitation. Food, houses, clothes, sanitation, employment of millions of people had to be worked out—democratically, but nevertheless quickly. He was in the middle of it when he died. He gave his life for these problems, but not in vain. He gave Pakistan confidence in itself and Pakistanis confidence in themselves. Because of the training received from him the Pakistanis believe they can tackle, with confidence and courage, problems which face nations both old and new. Therefore they march forward and tackle the problems as they arise.

Perhaps you who witnessed the Dunkirk spirit of Great Britain will realise the feverish activity which even a casual observer notices in Pakistan. In Great Britain, during the Dunkirk days, the great people of your country speeded up their production, and with undaunted courage and determination faced the formidable foe who was threatening to destroy everything which is cherished in the civilised world. Pakistan could not speed up her production when she was put in the Dunkirk situation. Pakistan could not speed up because there was nothing to speed. She had no machinery at her disposal. It so happens that those parts of the sub-continent of undivided India which now form Pakistan are mainly, if not entirely, agricultural. Pakistan produces the raw material: this raw material was manufactured in the pre-partition days in that part of the sub-continent which is now called India or Bharat. For instance, Sind in Pakistan produces cotton, but no machinery to manufacture it. Cotton produced in Sind, Pakistan, was manufactured in the mills of Ahmedabad, India. Jute produced in East Bengal, Pakistan, was manufactured in Calcutta, India.

Industrialisation Overnight

You will see therefore that Pakistan had to set up mills and factories and workshops: Pakistan had to industrialise almost overnight to manufacture her raw materials for her own inhabitants, and for the refugees who were pouring in every day in their thousands. This all required money and experience. How the money was produced within the country without borrowing from outside, and how quickly the youth was trained requires a very detailed account which I shall not attempt to give here.

Three years of hard work and dogged determination have now made Pakistan a country which can look to the future with confidence and

satisfaction. Side by side with these day-to-day problems and *ad hoc* arrangements made to solve them, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, and his Cabinet had in view throughout a long-range policy to run the country on democratic lines. Therefore, electoral rolls of this vast population of Pakistan had to be prepared to make it possible to hold elections in the country. The first of these elections in the Punjab is just over: the next election will take place in the North-West Frontier Province, and in East Bengal, Sind, Karachi, and at a not distant date Baluchistan will be given the same rights and privileges which the other provinces of Pakistan enjoy. To give you an idea of the immensity of the problem, perhaps I should remind you that the total population of Pakistan is considered to be nearly 80,000,000. The population of this eastern wing, that is East Pakistan, is estimated to be over 40,000,000. The population of one district of East Pakistan, like Mymensingh, is nearly as large as that of Australia.

May I remind you that I said the population of Pakistan is considered to be nearly 80,000,000. I cannot be definite about it. The first census of Pakistan is being taken now. The counting is over, and the results are being tabulated. The man in charge of this colossal operation is Slade, who belonged to your home Civil Service. He was a Deputy Director of Weapons and Equipments in the War Office, and later became the head of the Allied Statistical Commission. Slade is forging ahead, with thousands of voluntary workers, to give facts and figures about Pakistan to the world.

Overcoming Illiteracy

I am a layman, and a layman must not predict the results of such scientific operations; but I can safely guess that the figures of illiteracy will be disturbing. Illiteracy to the Pakistani is not the real problem: they know that the voluntary spirit which exists in Pakistan today cannot eradicate this stigma in a fairly short time. But what is the point of being literate and uneducated? People who are just literate and not really educated fall an easy prey to those who believe in quick, undemocratic methods of converting the uninitiated to their point of view. Pakistan, therefore, is not going to make her population just literate. She must educate them as well, and that requires teachers—thousands of them, almost at once. Baffling, you would say, and you would not be far wrong! But a similar baffling problem of medical aid is being tackled in Pakistan, and there is no reason why this problem of education should not be tackled in the same way. All private doctors in the country have been called in for national work. Perhaps one day all educated people will be called in for giving tuition to the uneducated, and I assure you that the youth of the country will be more than willing to be harnessed for the purpose.

In all countries the old order changeth, giving place to new. In other words, in all countries certain things have got to be undone. But in a new country like Pakistan everything has got to be done from the very beginning. I think it is a good thing. Pakistan benefits by the experience of others without going through the ordinary exploration herself. Pakistan has benefited by your experience, and I am sure you will be glad to see this young member of the Commonwealth succeed.

Pakistan wants peace, just as you do. Pakistan perhaps wants it more, because it has yet to build. In the words of the Quaid-i-Azam, Mohammed Ali Jinnah: 'Our foreign policy is one of friendliness and goodwill towards all the nations of the world. We do not cherish avaricious designs against any country or nation. We believe in the principle of honesty and fair play in national and international dealings, and are prepared to make our utmost contribution to the promotion of peace and prosperity among the nations of the world'.

Pakistan will never be found lacking in extending material and moral support to the oppressed and suppressed peoples of the world, and upholding the principles of the United Nations Charter. This young and virile nation is working hard with confidence, determination and patience, yes patience. Democracy needs patience. As you know, it is slow.—Home Service

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Italy and Persia

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

The Choice

IT is fitting that Professor Butterfield's talk, broadcast last Sunday evening, should appear in our pages during Holy Week. The speaker poses a question that every responsible person has sooner or later to put to himself. When tradition and convention lose their force in society, Professor Butterfield asks, what sure foundation is there on which one's values can be built? That tradition and convention have lost much of their force is an obvious fact. 'We are sliding down an inclined plane; and many people who cherish the traditional values do not realise to what an extent they are living on old capital'. Ultimately the process can reach—indeed to many it seems in imminent danger of reaching—a point at which 'men envisage a materialist and naturalistic universe, with human beings conceived as merely a part of nature and nature itself conceived as a murderous struggle for existence'.

The question is, are the modern barbarians—those who see reality as existing only in materialistic interests, those who place their faith exclusively in science and organisation and the rapidity of progress in these fields, those who cast aside Christianity and all that Christianity stands for as so much reactionary (isn't that the word?) nonsense—are the modern barbarians to have their way? Nor is one thinking here only of those whose political creed involves a total rejection of every kind of religion other than their own—if one can rightly call it a religion. There are those, much nearer home, whose outlook is governed, if not by anti-religious feeling, by indifference or even by contempt. At best their link with religious ideals is purely conventional. These are they who are content, if they think about such things at all, to live on old capital, 'on what are really secularised religious ideals or concealed Christian assumptions'. But in their hearts they (as the saying goes) couldn't care less, and so are a ready prey not only for the charlatan leader, the pretended saviour, with a quack remedy concocted from his own crazy notions and decked with specious prophecies and promises, but also—and this is an even greater danger—for those apostles of progress who see virtue in speed, goodness in gadgets, and moral worth in test tubes.

That modern science and modern organising skill have placed mankind in their debt few would deny; in some fields, as Professor Butterfield records, we must consider that an actual moral advance has taken place. But today the dangers of playing with fire are far greater than they were and 'much is going to depend on the effective strength and the real character of the presiding ideas in society, the ideas that are to govern the next line of development'. It is here in the midst of us all that the battle is being fought—the battle that is going to determine whether a secular code is to decide the moral end for which men live or whether the spiritual principle is to be upheld; whether, in short, men are men or whether they are mere automata. In face of a decision of that kind the choice that faces every one of us is a fateful choice indeed. The ideas on which our western life is built, declares Professor Butterfield, 'owe their character to the fact that for over a thousand years the western world developed under the presidency of Christianity', and again 'it is a question whether our emphasis on liberty and on human personality—two ideas that for most of us give meaning to what we call western civilisation—today is a feasible thing in fact unless it is accompanied by a powerful affirmation of the spiritual side of life'. These are thoughts that we all of us—Christians and others alike—will do well to ponder as we approach the great Christian festival of Easter.

THE VISIT TO LONDON of the Italian Prime Minister and of the Yugoslav Parliamentary Delegation, and the situation in Persia, were subjects of radio-commentaries both in the west and the east last week. Comment on the Italian and Yugoslav visits was particularly centred on the question of Trieste. A typical example of Moscow comment came in a 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio which alleged that although the United States warmongers had great confidence in 'their vassals', Tito and de Gasperi, they were not prepared to relinquish their military springboard in Trieste. Nor were they, for the same reason, added the broadcast, prepared to discuss the matter at the current conference of Foreign Ministers' Deputies.

A Soviet home broadcast, discussing the Anglo-Italian talks in London, stated that Attlee, de Gasperi and their Foreign Ministers were 'discussing the question of a more active participation by Italy in their criminal plans against humanity'. Italy was to become a *place d'armes* for the projected 'new aggression'; a Mediterranean bloc—in which Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia would be included—was to be set up; and so on. A Budapest broadcast alleged that de Gasperi and Pijade were discussing, under Attlee's direction, the cession of Zone B in Trieste to Yugoslavia, while Zone A would remain under Anglo-American occupation. In Italy the press was quoted as welcoming the British statement that the Western Powers stood by their 1948 Declaration, favouring the return of Trieste to Italy. The assurance gained by this statement, said the Independent *Corriere della Sera*, would protect Italy 'from surprises if a Big Four meeting is held'.

In Yugoslavia *Politika* was quoted as expressing the view that the 1948 Declaration did not take into account the Yugoslav side of the case. The newspaper added:

Yugoslavia has always expressed her willingness to solve the problem of the free Trieste territory in direct talks with Italy. She still adheres to this view. The basis for a fair and concerted solution to the problem can only be one founded on the interests of both parties concerned.

A Yugoslav broadcast in Italian stated that the U.S.S.R. wanted to use the problem of Trieste to prevent the establishment of good relations between Yugoslavia and Italy—a trap into which the two peoples would not, however, fall.

In regard to the steps being taken in Persia to nationalise the oil industry, commentators in a number of western countries pointed to the grave issues involved. From the United States, the *New York Times* was quoted as follows:

This is one phase of the wave of xenophobia spreading all over the east and near east, which stems in part from memories of exploitation in the past and in part from communist agitation in the present which makes the most of these festering grievances and uses the aroused nationalism of hungry and under-developed nations to extend the imperialism of Moscow. It is a phase of the cold war.

The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* discussed the problem presented to the Western Powers by the rise of a rabid nationalism in Persia, aided and abetted by Moscow:

The assassination of the west's good friend, Razmara, is followed the next day by a parliamentary demand for nationalisation of Persia's oil, a move which the late Premier bitterly opposed. . . . Crowds of peace partisans seized the opportunity afforded by Razmara's assassination to demonstrate in front of the United States Embassy in Teheran with anti-American slogans. Just how effective the Soviet could be at forming an alliance of convenience with the Moslem nationalists is highly problematical. But it would be the height of folly to assume that it could never happen, and in any event agitators from those disparate camps are strengthening and emboldening each other. Our weapons now must be diplomacy, land reform and food and a determination to help the people.

Support for the British case came from Australia in the form of a quotation from the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which commented:

This ill-judged move by the extreme nationalists provides a classic example of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. Persia should be left in no doubt that this is a matter on which Britain, with her own security at stake, cannot and will not retreat. Firmness at this stage may well bring the hotheads of the Majlis to their senses.

A more sympathetic view of the Persian case came from India, in a quotation from the *Hindustan Times*, which stated:

We would plead with Britain for a more broadminded approach to the problem. Statesmanship on her part will not merely help to make Anglo-Persian relations more friendly, but avert the possibility of the Middle East precipitating a third world war.

Did You Hear That?

BERNARD SHAW'S HOUSE

SHAW'S HOUSE at Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts, will be open to the public from March 18. HESKETH PEARSON spoke about it in a Home Service broadcast. 'When first I visited Bernard Shaw's country house', he said, 'I was surprised by its unimpressive exterior. A little red brick, late Victorian house with a short semi-circular drive leading to the front door. I entered the small hall, where the two noticeable objects were a piano and a hatstand with all sorts of hats on the antler-like branches. Since his death the wheel chair which he used in the last weeks of his life has also been placed in the hall.'

'Exactly opposite the front door is the dining-room, nothing to distinguish it from that of a suburban villa, which had been converted into a bedroom when he came out of hospital, and where he died. Here he usually received his visitors. The mantelpiece is now covered with photographs of his contemporaries—Webb, Archer, William Morris, Stalin and Lenin—and on the walls are the parchment scrolls presented to him when he received the freedoms of Dublin and St. Pancras. The dining-room looks on to the garden, and one steps straight



Bernard Shaw's study in his house at Ayot St. Lawrence, and (right) the Rodin statuette in the drawing-room

through a glass door to the verandah where he used to bask in the sun. Sitting there one afternoon, he said to me: "This is my Riviera. I prefer it to the Mediterranean Sea". From the verandah a path circles the lawn and eventually reaches the revolving summer-house in which he did so much of his work. As the sun moved around he would leave his typewriter and shove his house to keep pace with it.

'Strolling about his garden one day, I asked him why he had not chosen a place nearer the sea, Sussex for example. "Sussex", he exclaimed, "why it's already crawling with writers; you can't enter a village without bumping into one of them; and their books are about nothing but public houses".

'When not using his summer-house, he worked in his study, a small room just to the left as one enters through the hall door. One wall is lined with books, mostly books of reference, and I once asked him why there were no works of literature. "I provide my own literature", Shaw replied, pointing to a shelf full of his plays and tracts, "but you'll find complete sets of Dickens and Morris there if you use your eyes". Beyond the study is the drawing-room, where Mrs. Shaw spent most of her time; not a large room—one window looks out to the side

of the house, another on to the lawn. All the more valuable books in the house are here—the first edition of T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and so on—also the busts of Shaw by Rodin and Troubetzkoy. Sitting at tea I happened to notice an expression on Shaw's face which exactly resembled the Rodin bust, and I mentioned that it was the first time I had done so. "Then you've had a glimpse of my soul", he declared. "Rodin knew nothing of my reputation, so concentrated on the man he saw. That is what he saw, and that is what I am".

'Shaw's bedroom upstairs was extremely spartan, and contained the barest necessities—a glorified camp bed and a deal dressing-table. When I said that it was about as comfortable as a tent on active service, he remarked: "I retire to my bedroom in order to go to bed".

'Until he was well past the age of eighty, Shaw only relaxed at home when he was prostrated by over-work, and on such occasions he retired to a dark room and lay flat on his back; the first thing he did in the morning was to read the newspapers, and his breakfast conversation was usually about the news. The morning was always filled with work. Latterly he would take a nap in his dining-room in the afternoons; and in his last years he would listen to the wireless after dinner, falling asleep, waking up, changing the programme, and falling asleep again. I wanted to know why he turned on the wireless when it so often sent him to sleep. "That's why", he replied.

WITH AN OLD PERSIAN SOLDIER

'The drivers of Persian buses, when negotiating perilous mountain roads', said JOHN SEYMOUR in a Home Service talk, 'are apt to put their faith more in Providence than in their own skill as drivers. There is generally a sort of choir-leader among the passengers, who shouts a prayer to Allah when a particularly nasty hairpin bend comes in sight, and the rest of the passengers (together with the driver, who turns his head round for the purpose) shout a response. I joined in the responses too, much to the alarm of my friend Mohesh, who sat beside me. You see I didn't get the words right, and Mohesh—who was an Egyptian Jew, but pretended to be a Muslim in Persia—was afraid the real Muslims in the bus might misunderstand my efforts.

'The place we were going to was called Hot Water, and it was a sort of health resort—although it was nothing more than a dozen or so verminous stone huts. We intended to return to Teheran the same day, but unfortunately we got caught up in a vodka session in one of the huts and found ourselves still there in the morning. And we found also that we had agreed the

night before to pay a visit to the village of a certain old soldier, with a wall eye, who wanted us to spend at least a year with him and marry his nieces. So in the morning there we were, against our better judgments, trying to keep pace with this old soldier down a perilous mountain path. And in spite of his years, and his dram-drinking, and his opium-smoking, and his wounds in the Turkoman wars, he bounded over the mountainside like a goat. Mohesh rode, but the soldier and I walked. I never could see the sense of riding on a pony in rough country where it is far quicker to walk.

'Through the deserted mountain country the old



soldier and I went, and we left the ponies far behind us. In spite of the fact that I could not speak Persian, and the soldier could not speak English, we contrived to carry on a very lively conversation. He was one of the chosen few who can always make themselves understood, and understand. He told me that he had thirty-three years in the Shah's army, and was now a pensioner. But they made him go into Teheran once a month to collect his pension, and as the bus fare was slightly more than the pension was worth he considered this a poor arrangement. However, he made the best of it by buying goods when he went to Teheran, and selling them at a profit in his village. His chief stock-in-trade was opium, of which he had a large amount hidden in the lining of his army greatcoat. He was a small landowner in the mountains, and claimed to be descended from an ancient line of kings'.

NOT A RICH MAN'S PLAYTHING

Speaking of the recent orchid show at the Old Horticultural Hall in London, ROY HAY said that 'not since before the 1914 war have so many orchids been gathered together in Britain at one show. There were rare little orchids from Costa Rica and tropical jungles just as nature made them; there were huge flamboyant hybrids bred in British glasshouses with pedigrees as carefully recorded as any race-horse ever had; orchids from professional growers and from amateurs who look after their own plants single-handed. They were arranged in massed banks of breathtaking loveliness, in pyramids, or just on tables, and although they were packed so closely together, they never lost their individual grace and charm.

'So many people when they come face to face with a batch of exotic exquisitely coloured orchids seem to be obsessed with a fantastic idea about the value of these plants. They have heard of all kinds of fabulous prices being paid for some rare new hybrid, and before you know where you are, they have the idea that all orchids must be just rich men's playthings. Of course, you can pay hundreds of pounds for a rare orchid plant just as you can for a new and very beautiful daffodil bulb, but there are thousands of orchids bought and sold today for about 30s. each. Then there is another strange thing about orchids: in America every college lad who takes his girl to the end-of-term dance is expected to fit her up with a Cattleya bloom, those beautiful mauve and purple flowers that you see in the advertisements for perfume and cigarettes in the American weekly papers. Over here if a boy takes his girl to a dance he thinks nothing of buying a carnation or a couple of rose-buds for a spray, but he would be rather doubtful about buying her an orchid, in case his friends thought he was "shooting a line"; but, you know, if you look after an orchid button-hole it will last for a week or two in water, and you can use it several times.

'At this show there were all kinds of people examining the long arching sprays of Cymbidiums with as many as twenty beautiful flowers on them in every shade of pink, soft yellow or pale green, with exquisite markings of rich crimson and chocolate, or they might be nodding their heads wisely together over some immaculately shaped Slipper orchid—and they were not all wealthy people either. They were bank clerks, perhaps, or old folk who have not the strength now to do a lot of digging, but find that pottering about in a little greenhouse where they have the orchids on a bench is just their idea of fun—no stooping, no lifting about of heavy weights, and always some colour pretty well at all times of the year'.

THE USE OF FINGERPRINTS

'Today', said C. R. HEWITT, formerly a Chief Inspector of Police, in a Home Service talk, 'there are over 1,000,000 sets of fingerprints in the "main collection" at the Yard. In 1949, a typical year in these times, over 117,000 fingerprint forms were received from police forces all over Great Britain, the majority of them representing crimes committed; and more than a third resulted in the identification of criminals.


'The two main uses of any fingerprint system are to trace records of the previous character of people convicted of crime, and to identify people who leave finger-marks at the places where crimes are committed. When a man is arrested for an offence, the police want to know whether his previous character has been good or bad, because the Court will want to know. If it has been good, and the man has any sense, he will want them to know too. In minor cases it is no use taking his fingerprints, because there are no fingerprint records to compare them with—the police do not fingerprint drunks, for example. In the graver cases, the best way to find out if a man has a past is to take his fingerprints and send them to Scotland Yard, with a few other details about himself and his supposed offence. The answer comes back with miraculous speed. If he does not object, the prints are taken by rolling each of his fingers and thumbs on an inked plate and then rolling them again on a fingerprint form. He is entitled to object; and in England if he does the police must wait for his biography until (if ever) he goes to prison on remand and today he may be remanded for that purpose. His fingerprints will then be taken whether he likes it or not.

'Of course there is nothing easier than taking fingerprints from the fingers of a person co-operating with you, and they ought to be perfect specimens. It is vastly different developing them, and especially finding them, at the scene of a crime. Examining the surface of an article for fingerprints does not simply mean inspecting it through a magnifying glass. It includes treating the surface with powders so that "latent" prints become visible, at least to a camera. A light grey powder is used to bring up sweat-prints on dark surfaces and on glass and silver; it comprises two parts of prepared chalk and one of metallic mercury. And a black graphite powder is used for white surfaces, china, paint-work, paper and so on. Once they have been photographed exact reproductions can be sent by radio, in a matter of seconds, to the other side of the world.

'There are very few cases on record at Scotland Yard of a criminal being more than once identified through leaving his fingerprints at the scene of his crime; and most criminals regard the Fingerprint Department with profound distaste. But that has never seemed to me an adequate reason why honest men and women should do the same. Their use on passports and identity cards, birth and marriage certificates, personal contracts and acknowledgments of all kinds would be of very great public benefit, since there is no way of counterfeiting or forging them. Impostures like the one in the Tichborne case would be impossible, and miscarriages of justice such as you got in the cases of Oscar Slater and Adolf Beck would be even rarer than they are now'.

'DRY' DAYS IN 1851

No alcoholic drinks were allowed at the Great Exhibition of 1851, explained CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH in a recent Home Service talk. He suggested that we should 'visit the building along with our ancestors', and found that 'waiting for tea it is interesting to study the menu. . . . There are not only soft drinks and tea and coffee to be had, but Italian cakes, bath buns, sausage rolls, macaroons, preserved cherries, pineapples, potted meat, ham, jellies, and (if you have a taste for it) pear syrup.

'Waiting to make the plunge again into the shuffling excited multitude—the average daily attendance is over 42,000—there are interesting tidbits of information to be had from the catalogue and notices, as well as exhibits to be noted and later searched out. There is no Sunday opening and even the admission of photographers on Sunday is thought a little immoral, and no dogs are allowed in the building. This last is a very sensible precaution. The prohibition of strong drinks on the other hand, seems from comments we hear to be very irksome to the many countrymen who want their accustomed pint. "I would give the kingdom for a glass of ale", explains one of them. "Alas", he says, "the kingdom wouldn't buy it"'.


Contemporary Scientific Mythology

The Quest for Security

The last of three talks by STEPHEN TOULMIN

AT the beginning of these talks I set myself two tasks: to show how scientific myths arise, and to look for the motives behind them. And I suggested two things to look out for when examining particular scientific myths: the way in which the scientific terms taken over get distorted in the process, and the possibility that a number of myths, between which there was scientifically nothing to choose, might grow out of the same theory. I want to discuss now the motives which lie behind scientific mythology. Let me take for my illustrations the myths associated with the theory of evolution.

Man's Preferential Position

First, a word about the part the notion of 'evolution' plays in science proper. To begin with, zoologists do not study some one process called 'evolution'. They study an unlimited number of different processes, all of which are equally entitled to be spoken of as 'evolutionary processes'. The extinction of the mammoths, the growth in the fulmar population, the development of the lion from its fossil forbears: these are all 'evolutionary processes', no more and no less than the process by which our own stock sprang from the early primates. It is, in other words, not the abstraction 'evolution' zoologists study, so much as 'the evolution of such-a-species in such-an-environment from such-a-stock'. So the whole of the theory of evolution is such as an intelligent lion or an articulate ant could subscribe to. Although we may be more curious than a lion or an ant would be about the details of our own remote ancestry, this particular problem is for the zoologist just one among others. If it raises problems of special theoretical interest, well and good; but for many purposes it is more practical to study fruit-flies. As for the idea that the theory of evolution has implications of an ethical kind: notice that it has to do with the external relations of each kind of creature with the others which are in competition with it—between the mammoths, for example, and the creatures which displaced them. The domestic relations between the individuals of a single species are not its concern. Or rather, they would be its concern only in special circumstances: if, for instance, it turned out that civil strife among the mammoths had reduced their 'survival-value' as a species, and so been a factor in their disappearance. Even in that case the biologist could, as a biologist, say only that this explained how it was that they had become extinct, not that this showed that it had been wicked for them to quarrel so. Accordingly, the theory of evolution could have any direct relevance to our ethical problems only if the human race were seriously threatened by the rise of, say, a race of giant ants—which at present is not the case.

In the myths which have grown up round the theory of evolution, all these three points have been ignored. The term 'evolution' has been used to refer to one particular process out of the countless 'evolutionary processes' which zoologists study—namely, that which has led to the appearance of our own species. Man has, as a result, been put in a preferential position, whose justice the lion and the ant might question. Further, attempts have been made to 'extend the concept of evolution both backward into the inorganic and forward into the human domain'. The theory has been treated, that is, as though it revealed to us a golden thread leading from the remotest past up to the present day and on into the future. In this way Julian Huxley, for instance, has come to speak of 'evolution' as 'a comprehensive and continuous process, operating to begin with on cosmic star-dust and over an appalling vastness of space, and finally, on our earth, moulding the world-stuff into human shape'. Lastly, the process so singled out has been christened 'the cosmic process' and proposed as a touchstone for our ethical problems: 'The ultimate guarantees for the correctness of our labels of rightness and wrongness', Huxley suggests, 'are to be sought for among the facts of evolutionary direction'.

Whether views of this class are good or bad of their kind it is not my purpose to consider: I want only to show you what kind of theory they represent. It is easy enough to say what they are not—to show that they can no longer be called 'biological'. It is not so easy to see what they are. Notice for a start, then, that they have both the features

I mentioned in my first talk* as characteristic of 'scientific myths': first, they mean distorting the scientific terms used; and, secondly, if differences of opinion arise, then scientifically speaking there is no longer any way of deciding between them. Thus, we are invited to extend the term 'evolution' to cover, not only biological processes, but also certain inorganic phenomena which took place before the appearance of living creatures on the earth, and, in addition, the development of human society since the appearance of man. This is to give the term 'evolution' a very different shape and to force it into quite a fresh jig-saw. At the same time, it is suggested that the views advanced still have biology behind them—that we can obtain 'definite guidance as to how we should try to plan social and political change' from 'the new knowledge amassed by biologists during the last hundred years'.

Can the composite notion constructed in this way claim to be a scientific notion? It could do if (and only if) the extended use of the term were forced on us by the facts—if, that is, we needed to appeal to it in order to explain things which must otherwise remain unexplained. But it is never suggested that this is so. As we shall see, the point of the extension is not to explain anything, but to do something quite else. So the claim that these views have biology behind them cannot be allowed. For once we start changing the meaning of the term 'evolution', and putting it to non-scientific tasks, biology cannot help us when incompatible views are put forward.

As a matter of fact, this is just what has happened in the present case: incompatible views have been put forward, between which there is scientifically nothing to choose. For Julian Huxley is not the only person who invites us to think of 'evolution' in this way. We all know of others who ask us to regard the history of the universe as, so to speak, the progress of a cosmic band-wagon—a historical juggernaut sweeping irresistibly out of the past and on into the future: this idea is part of the stock-in-trade of Hegelian and Marxist theory. So it is not surprising to find dialectical materialists speaking of biological evolution as one phase in their 'dialectical process'.

But over Huxley's 'cosmic process', as over the corresponding conceptions in Hegel, Marx and Engels, ambiguities arise as soon as one tries to draw concrete morals. For instance, ought we to jump on to the band-wagon, or ought we to try to stop it? And if we ought to jump, in what direction shall we find that it is going? On all these questions there are several opinions. Even those who advocate jumping on the wagon disagree about its route. Hegel thought the King of Prussia was at the wheel, but this view is now implausible. Our contemporary dialecticians are divided between the claims of Stalin, Tito and others. Julian Huxley would like to think the wagon called at Lake Success. But how are we to decide whether it does or not? There are even those who say that we should put the brake on and go into reverse. Thomas Henry Huxley, Julian's own grandfather, is a good example: 'The ethical progress of society depends', said he, 'not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it'. How are we to choose between these views? Not on scientific grounds. For the question whether morality is to be regarded as a continuation of the cosmic process, or as a reaction against it, is not one to be settled by observation or experiment. There is no chance of phenomena turning up one day which can only be accounted for on one of the two views—as would be the case if the question were really a scientific one.

The Motives Behind the Myths

What is the real point at issue between their advocates, then? This question brings us round, at last, to our central problem, that of the motives behind these myths, and behind mythology in general. And when one looks to see what is the point of 'extending' the notion of evolution—what uses the extended notion is put to—one finds at most a difference of temper: there is no disagreement about the facts. Thomas Henry Huxley, for instance, was struck by the starvation and slaughter through which species supplant one another in nature, and especially by the fate of the weak and the meek. This brutality, he

felt, was just the thing which, in our relations with our fellow human beings, we must fight against. He therefore used the devilish mechanism of natural selection as material for a parable—'Nature red in tooth and claw' was to do duty as a symbol for our own competitive brutality. For these purposes, the cosmic process was well fitted to play the part of the Devil.

Julian Huxley, on the other hand, seems interested, in his *Evolutionary Ethics*, not in a parable directed against cruelty and selfishness, but in something else. What he wants (he says) is 'reassurance' in the face of a 'hatefully imperfect world', a 'cosmic sanction for ethics', a 'natural foundation on which our human superstructure of right and wrong may safely rest'. And his aim being different, he casts the cosmic process in a different role—we are to think of nature, not as the Devil, but rather as the Deity. So he speaks of evolution as the source of hope and reassurance; and as the Creator, which 'moulds the world-stuff into human shape'. All the wonders which for Archdeacon Paley were evidences of the existence of God can on this view be put to the credit of evolution. As for us, we are privileged to be evolution's agents, through whom alone It can 'realise new possibilities': so, if only we mount the wagon, everything will be all right.

Why Should Ethics Need a Prop?

Now for the crucial question. What does it mean, then, to suggest that 'the cosmic process' can provide a 'foundation' for ethics? And why should ethics need such a prop? Does evolution prop up ethics, any more than a row of toppers drinking whiskies genuinely 'prop up' a bar? It is not clear in what sense we are to understand this suggestion. There is another simple example which may be worth considering. You will probably remember how the Impressionist painters claimed to have science on their side. For they argued that, if olive and brown and purple were not in the spectrum, they ought not to use them in their painting. Only pure colours, the colours of the spectrum, should be used. It would, they decided, be unscientific to use any others. But in this case, however admirable the results of their decision, however fruitful the technical experiments they were inspired to make, the idea that the discoveries of physics justified their techniques was an illusion. They might *choose* only to use the colours of the spectrum, but it was by their works, not by science, that their choice would be justified. Whether they succeeded in their aim only the beholder is in a position to say—the purity of their colour is a matter, not for the spectroscope, but for the eye.

Is it in this sense that we are asked to think of evolution as justifying ethics? Is the motive behind this suggestion simply the wish to see some connection, however far-fetched, between the workings of nature and the laws of ethics? In part, perhaps: but I think we can go deeper. You remember the Atlas myth, which I mentioned in my first talk. This is often thought of as showing only how ignorant the Ancients were: had they known a little more about the solar system, we feel, they would have seen that there was no need for him—for he was the answer to the question, 'What holds the earth up?', a question that need never arise. But surely he was the product not merely of ignorance. There were a vast number of things besides the mechanics of the Solar System of which the Ancients were ignorant; but very few of them gave rise to myths. Only where this ignorance was of importance, where it seemed to mean insecurity, was a myth born. Whether or no we have a clear picture of the solar system may not matter directly, but it is by their indirect effects that myths get a hold on us; and it is no accident that the Atlas myth has counterparts in many mythologies. For the stability of the earth becomes a symbol for much else. If we have no assurance of that, what else can we trust? 'An anxious fear of future events' could find no better outlet. There could be no guarantees, no source of reassurance about the future, without the confidence that the ground below our feet rested on good, strong shoulders.

If we look again at the evolution myths, we shall find similar motives at work. For, in a time of uncertainty, it is natural to feel that, in doing our duty, we may be wasting our time; and to want some assurance that there is (so to speak) some future in ethics. People begin to be a little unhappy about the prospects of virtue paying any dividends, and begin to look elsewhere for a security. This may well be as much of a mistake, as much the result of a misconception, as was the demand for an Atlas. I think myself it is. Still, if one can paint a picture of social and moral development as all one with biological development, this may help us to feel that morality is something long-standing and of proved worth, something with roots in the universe and no mere human make-shift. And next time we feel the fear that morality may after all not

prove a paying proposition, we can at least (on this view) comfort ourselves with the thoughts that such an ancient institution as the cosmic process is not likely to default.

An anxious fear that the earth itself may be insecure: that is what gives the Atlas myth its strength. And the same kinds of motive can be seen behind many of the old stories—fear of the sea and the storm, fear of the harvest failing, and the hope of averting calamity by propitiation: these, not mere ignorance, were responsible for Poseidon, Wotan, and Ceres. And the same motives remain strong, even though our ignorance may be less. An anxious fear of the remote and unknown past, of the remote and even more unknown future: these lead us to extort from physical cosmology eschatological morals that it does not justify. And the desire that morality should unquestionably be worth while, that the importance for us of our own affairs should be reflected through all the history of the universe: this is the motive we have seen behind the myths of evolution.

One last question. If for the Ancients there was no clear distinction between Atlas the astronomical hypothesis and Atlas the myth; and if we now see differences between myths and scientific theories; when did the difference first begin to be recognised?

As with so many things in the history of science, the critical issue was the choice between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican cosmology. Until we were confronted with this choice, our own preoccupation with the earth was reflected in the position which the earth occupied in physical theory—the centre. And so it was possible to see the importance for man of man's affairs written in the skies. When the suggestion was made that the sun, not the earth, should be regarded as the centre of the system, it roused not only astronomical objections, but also fear—for the picture of the earth as being at the centre of things was, as we can now see, not only a theory but a myth. In time, of course, people came to see that astronomical questions and questions about the importance of our mundane affairs were independent—so that their feelings of security and dignity need not remain forever tied to a particular astronomical theory. When this happened their fear evaporated and they were happy to accept the new, Copernican picture. But until it did, the myth and the theory were not clearly distinguished, and the quest for knowledge remained entangled with the quest for security.

I hope that I have proved my main point that often enough we tend to ask too much of science and the scientist, and to draw from the things we are told about science consequences which, in the nature of the case, cannot be there.

A Danger to Avoid

What is the moral? Only this, I think: that we should beware of the feeling that scientists are (as it were) initiates, like priests; and also of contrasting the 'scientist' with the 'ordinary man' in a way in which we should never dream of contrasting the 'tinker' or the 'bus-conductor' with the 'ordinary man'. For this habit may weaken our critical faculty—our sense of relevance. When we read into the things the scientist tells us implications that just aren't there, we may fail to notice what we are doing; and as a result we may build up our picture of the universe out of completely unsuitable pieces. It may lead us also to place too much weight on the *obiter dicta* of scientists. We should soon notice if a tinker or a bus-conductor started laying down the law about things on which his calling did not make him an authority: it is as well to remember that a scientist off duty is as much an 'ordinary man' as a tinker or a bus-conductor off duty.

One last thing. The Creation, the Apocalypse, the Foundations of Morality, the Justification of Virtue: these are problems of perennial interest, and our contemporary scientific myths are only one more instalment in the series of attempted solutions. So next time we go into an eighteenth-century library, and notice those rows of sermons and theological works lining the shelves, we need not be so puzzled by them. For now we can recognise them for what they are: the fore-runners, in more ways than one might at first suspect, of the popular science books which have displaced them.—*Third Programme*

Go, 'The travel and leisure magazine', has now been published in association with *The Sunday Times*, price 3s. 6d. a month. The April/May issue contains two articles by the Travel Editor, Elizabeth Nicholas, an article on 'Max at Rapallo' by Kaye Webb; other contributions include 'Good Food in Britain' by André L. Simon, 'Music on Records' by the Earl of Harewood, 'Reputations' by Cyril Connolly and 'Stork Club' by Ruth McKenney. The magazine is printed on art paper and contains numerous illustrations, some in colour.

Politics in Polynesia

By J. W. DAVIDSON

THE contemporary politician tends to follow the scoreboards of the public opinion polls, like an engineer watching the gauges on a machine. In this he is a typical figure of our age. Our triumphs and our failures have largely been in the sphere of large-scale organisation. As citizens we have participated in the formation of vast alliances for the waging of war and of world organisations for the maintenance of peace. As consumers we have assisted in creating the success of newspapers whose circulations run into millions and of films which have been seen by hundreds of millions.



Samoan dancing girls at the ceremony of welcome given to the United Nations Commission in 1947—

This 'great world' (as Mr. E. M. Forster has called it) has certainly not lacked its critics. Its values have been denounced as mediocre, its satisfactions as savourless and standardised. In the realm of pure thought, we are told that we have attained comprehensiveness at the expense of penetration. And in politics we have been content to draw on concepts developed in former times and to devote ourselves to the measurement of mass phenomena. Yet, generally speaking, there are few ways of escaping from the disadvantages of our situation, except by donning the habit of some clique or cult and reducing our points of contact with the ordinary world.

From this point of view, I count myself fortunate to have lived in Samoa—a country that is small enough to be understood comprehensively, without loss of depth or intimacy. It is just on four years since I first arrived there. It was a brilliant, tropical afternoon, I remember, with the sea shimmering in the sunlight and a wreath of white encircling the coast where the waves were breaking on the reef. Geographically, Samoa is typical of much of Polynesia—a group of 'High' islands, about fourteen degrees south of the equator, with an area of about 1,200 square miles. Western Samoa comprises about nine-tenths of the Samoan group. It is a United Nations Trust territory administered by New Zealand. The population is about 80,000 of which over ninety per cent. are Samoans. Of the remainder all but about 400 are of European status but of part-Samoan descent.

The Territory relies mainly, for its money income, on the export of copra and cocoa. Culturally, it is remarkable for the extent to which traditional forms of organisation, traditional loyalties, and traditional practices have survived the impact of the west. Although many elements of western culture have been adopted, they have been absorbed into a way of life which is still characteristically Samoan.

When I arrived in early 1947, the Territory was at the beginning of a period of intense political activity. The Samoans had petitioned the United Nations for immediate self-government, and, at the suggestion of New Zealand, a Mission was coming to investigate the problem on the spot. The leaders of the Samoans and of the community of European status knew, generally, what they wanted; but they lacked the experience for putting their proposals in precise constitutional terms. For over thirty years New Zealand had governed Samoa, with good intentions, with a record of modest success in the social services, but, at the political level, in a spirit of unimaginative bureaucracy. As a result, what representative institutions there were produced mainly a sense of frustration, and relations between Government and people were continually strained. The help which officials might now have given in preparing plans could not be asked for. And on the Government side there was a tendency to scoff at the unaided efforts of the politicians. As the months of preparation went by, the sense of strain increased. The chance of an agreed solution seemed continually further away.

But, in fact, the situation was not as difficult as it appeared. The New Zealand Government was more popular than its local officials, and it was less fully committed to the maintenance of the *status quo*. When I returned to New Zealand I was able, along with others, to take part in the formulation of a definite plan, and then, returning to Samoa, to help in discussing it with the Samoan leaders and the members of the United Nations Mission. It was not long before substantial agreement was reached. The Samoans are moderate, reasonable people. They are adept themselves in the arts of discussion, and they are



—and Samoans assembled in the grounds of the United Nations Commission's headquarters in Apia during the visit

ready to weigh carefully the viewpoints of others when they are sincerely advanced, as between equals, and when queries and objections are carefully talked over. The result of our labours was that, within a few months, Samoa had a new constitution.

Briefly, what had been decided was to replace an old-fashioned crown-colony type of constitution by a form of representative government closely in line with Samoan thinking. At the apex there was to be a Council of State, composed of a High Commissioner representing New Zealand and the heads of Samoa's two royal lines, the Malietoa and the Tupua. This was to give recognition to the responsibilities of New Zealand and, at the same time, to the traditional leaders of Samoan society. Then there was to be a legislature with a large elected majority. Most of its members were to be elected by an old-established council of district representatives, who themselves were chosen by heads of families. On the executive side of government, members of the legislature were to gain experience by serving on standing committees associated with particular departments.

Progressive Advance to Self-Government

These were the main changes; in form, they were thus not particularly novel. They owed their significance to the fact that they committed Samoa to a progressive advance to self-government. Such advancement might well be punctuated by recurrent crises, as it often has been elsewhere, or, on the other hand, it might take place smoothly, with little friction. The choice between these alternatives would depend on the degree of mutual confidence existing between local political representatives and overseas officials. And most especially would it depend on the sympathy and understanding shown by these officials. For that reason, among others, I was sorry to have to leave Samoa before the new constitution began to function.

But, as events turned out, I had the opportunity of returning eighteen months later, and from early in 1949 till the end of last year I served as an officer of the Samoan Government. During that time many steps had to be taken which are bound to influence the future profoundly, either for good or ill. It would be useful to describe a number of the measures taken to make the new political set-up yield a profit in terms of increased understanding and the freer exchange of ideas. But I must confine myself here to a description of the most important single measure that was taken to supplement the changes of 1947.

Samoa is unusual in having at present no formal system of local government. The affairs of districts and villages continue to be controlled by councils of family heads, in accordance with Samoan political tradition. Their organisation has been gradually modified in recent times, as a result of the changing interests and ideas of the people. Committees of women, for example, now deal with such things as village health and sanitation, and the untitled young men often serve on the committees that inspect village plantations. It is, on the whole, an effective system. But its great weakness is that it has no sanction in the constitution and often operates in ways that are not in accord with the law. This has obvious direct disadvantages. Conflicts of authority occur, which contribute to the dignity of neither the Government nor the local authorities. Further, under present-day conditions, local authorities based solely on tradition are bound gradually to disintegrate in face of the growing power of the central government. There are indirect disadvantages which are scarcely less serious. The local authorities control the everyday lives of the people; the influence of the Government is relatively remote. The absence of a proper constitutional relationship between the two hinders the growth of an effective sense of political obligation, and of political responsibility. And without these there cannot be healthy and stable self-government.

'Changes Must Stem from Local Tradition'

But the very importance of making the local authorities properly subordinate to the central government is a major cause of difficulty. Any changes proposed must stem from local tradition and be in accord with the conscious wishes of the people. To satisfy these conditions, a commission was set up early last year, of which I was chairman and the other members were all Samoans. As the first stage in our work, we held meetings with the representatives of every village in Samoa. We travelled in small parties, in Samoan style, without the trappings of normal official visits. We were, that is, representatives of a specifically *Samoa Government* discussing matters of mutual concern with fellow-Samoans. At each meeting we explained the scope and importance of our work and then proceeded to obtain from our hosts

a full account of the way in which they controlled local affairs. By the time our journeys were finished, we had a complete record of local differences of practice, and, even more important, we had made friends and allies of the leaders of every district. For myself, the scores of meetings, the evenings spent in chiefs' houses when work was done, and the conversation during the long walks from village to village had provided a unique education in Samoan ways of thought. For my Samoan fellow-commissioners, most of whom did not speak English, my own continual reiteration of practical administrative points had helped to produce a new awareness of the limits within which our plans would have to be set. When the time came for working out our report, we found we had already reached a fair measure of agreement. The task of reconciling Samoan custom with modern political and administrative needs—a task which had baffled European officials working on their own—was not so difficult when Samoan and European knowledge could be pooled.

In all that I have said so far there has been too much assertion, too little proof. Of this I am well aware. Most of the merit of our procedure lay in particularities—in the refusal to leave a question or an objection unanswered, and in the turning of possible opponents into convinced allies. If you had seen my friend Fa'amatuainu Tulifau entering a village as a member of the commission, you would have seen a typical orator of old Samoa, an able man, but an extreme conservative. Usually his dress consisted only of a tapa cloth wound round his waist. When the time came for him to make the reply to the village's speech of welcome, as his rank entitled him to do, he would use all the devices of traditional Samoan oratory. His aim would not be to convey information or to expedite business. Rather would it be to show the superiority of our own party to that of our hosts by his erudite references to the social structure and history of the community we were visiting. In this he never failed. (It was not for some time that I discovered that he refreshed his memory on these matters before speaking from a book which he always carried with him.) At first, for Fa'amatuainu, the justification of our work was that it would give legal backing to the old order and buttress it against all change. But gradually our discussions led him to change his mind. When we signed the report, he was as content with its more radical provisions as was anyone else.

Help Given on Terms of Equality

What, then, is the conclusion to be drawn from the argument which I have sought to illustrate? I believe it is just this: that the real work to be done by Europeans in dependencies advancing towards self-government is in the realm of free and equal collaboration with the emerging political leaders. We must be willing, and able, to avoid the interpretation of cultural differences in terms of 'better' and 'worse'. We must accept these differences merely for what they are. Once the old mumbo-jumbo of 'the White Man's Burden' has been, for ever, consigned to the flames, the European can be of greater use in countries like Samoa than he has ever been before. It is now, when the people are learning to govern themselves, that knowledge and experience gained in politically mature countries is most especially needed. With the help which we can give there is no reason why countries like Samoa, or the Gold Coast, or Jamaica, or Uganda should not advance to complete autonomy with smoothness and success; but such help can only be given on terms of friendship and equality.

But, the querulous may ask, what do *we* get by abandoning our pretensions to privilege and superiority, by taking our stand merely on the ground of a common humanity? I shall answer in terms of my own experience in Samoa. We get the privilege of participating in the life of a complex and self-confident society, a society with a civilised respect for personal rights and personal differences, a society able to express itself in ceremonial ways, but imposing no barriers to the growth of personal and private friendship.

Mr. E. M. Forster once made one of his characters speak as follows about another society, that of Cambridge University:

The earth is full of tiny societies, and Cambridge is one of them. All the societies are narrow, but some are good and some are bad. . . . The good societies say, 'I tell you to do this because I am Cambridge'. The bad ones say, 'I tell you to do this because I am the great world'—not because I am Peckham, or Billingsgate, or Park Lane, but because I am the great world'.

Samoa is a *good* society. It has no desire to be thought 'the great world'. It is complete, separate, content. And when one departs from it, one leaves not a country only, but also a way of life.—*Third Programme*

Memories of an Irish Hero

HENRY HARRISON on Charles Stewart Parnell

I KNEW Parnell for less than two years—the two years of triumph followed by tragedy that ended his short life at the age of forty-five. I came to him as an undergraduate straight from the Balliol of Benjamin Jowett and Nettleship and Strachan Davidson, and the impression that he made on my mind has remained fresh and indelible. The years that have passed since then—sixty-one years—and reflection and study have only served to justify and confirm that impression. My picture of Parnell is of a man cast in a heroic mould, of passionate personal force held under easy control and finding its natural expression in swift and decisive action, of an intellect resting on quite exceptional powers of perceptive insight and balanced judgment, of a man of courage and pride with no slightest trace of self-consciousness or thought of self-interest and of a man self-dedicated to Ireland's cause. And when he died it was to me as the death of Ajax defying the lightning.

For a physical portrait I may quote John Morley as saying that he resembled one of George Meredith's heroes in his masculine good looks. But I, myself, at the age of twenty-two regarded him with the athlete's rather than the artist's eye. He was tall—about six foot in height—finely proportioned and of lithe strength. He stood well over his ground, as they say of a racehorse, with a natural balanced poise. His brow was the brow of a creative thinker indicating perceptive genius rather than mere calculating power. Beneath it were remarkable reddish-brown eyes, with the irises slightly convex, in a setting of delicately drawn lines. The straight nose became slightly aquiline when he smiled. His hair and beard were brown—the under-beard a vigorous thrusting growth of a darker chestnut hue. His face in repose had the grave serenity of a mind at peace with itself. His deportment had the graciousness and the simplicity of true good manners. Over all was the dignity that was born of self-respect and self-discipline and of a character in perfect balance of mind and body. Much of his physique and of his temperament, I think, was derived from his mother, whom I also knew. She was the daughter of the American Admiral Stewart, a famous character, whose father emigrated from Ulster with his Connaught-born wife, named Sarah Ford, in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The stories of Parnell's self-possession, glacial calm, frozen hauteur and austere manner and the like are easily explained. As a young man he had the usual social instincts. We know of his attending dances at Dublin Castle and at the British Embassy in Paris, of his shooting parties and cricket matches, of his pleasure in arranging little dinner parties for special friends, of his easy manner in social intercourse in mixed company. I garnered many such stories from older, non-political contemporaries who had known him socially. And the main truth of all this is clearly set out in the writings of Justin McCarthy and William O'Brien. The parliamentary artist and reporter, H. W. Lucy, who wrote under the pen-name of 'Toby, M.P.' tells of Parnell's earlier days in Parliament, of his waving his arms and shouting in a high voice. Parnell soon learned his lesson. His parliamentary battles for Ireland against English prejudice earned him much hostile clamour in the House and hostility and personal insult in the Lobbies and outside

generally. And when to the odium incurred by his successful parliamentary tactics were added the inflammation and the hatreds caused by the agrarian warfare and bloodshed in Ireland he had need to fall back on his pride and his courage. He remade the surface of his manner so that nothing could shake his calm imperturbability—no sting could gall him, no compliments would melt him. And this complete self-mastery led directly to his mastery over others. He said later: 'I hate to be hated'. And so he remained aloof. Aloofness inevitably led to loneliness. Loneliness led to his romance. His romance led to tragedy and death. But, even so, he had done his work. He killed Irish landlordism, and his cure by land purchase ultimately prevailed. And he lit the fire in which Dublin Castle and all its evil works were eventually consumed.

Soon after I joined Parnell, in May 1890, I was brought into close contact with him. I acted as a sort of A.D.C. and bodyguard in strenuous times. And this gave me opportunities for many personal talks in the course of railway journeys and long country drives. He was kindly and frank. His attitude was that of an elder brother talking to his younger brother, or of the captain of the side encouraging a new cap. He was detached and objective without self-assertiveness or desire to impose a view, and with gentle courtesy and unfailing lucidity. I was struck by the resemblance of his methods of exposition to those of the Balliol dons I had recently left—the simplified statement of the governing principle and the orderly analysis of facts, arguments and hypotheses that formed the structure of the problem under discussion. I have many memories of a man who impressed me as no other man has ever done. He won my enduring loyalty and affection.

No man has ever been lied about as Parnell has been lied about. Even his death brought no surcease in the campaign of wanton defamation. Too many who had betrayed continued to attempt to justify their betrayal. Too many who had feared him or were jealous of him lived on to wreak their spite when he was gone. And there were too many of the lower sort of scribblers in Fleet Street who habitually spiced their random paragraphs and even more ambitious prose with vile falsehoods. Parnell died on October 6, 1891, and his funeral in Dublin on the following Sunday was the occasion of a vast manifestation of public grief beyond all imagination. Yet for years stories were circulated that he was not dead, that he was in hiding, that an ex-colleague had seen him in Germany some months after his death: it was even rumoured in 1900 that he was fighting for the Boers and was none other than the famous guerrilla fighter de Wet. All these rumours or stories were grotesquely false. There was no mystery about his death.

Another absurd misrepresentation is the oft-repeated nonsense that Parnell was so phenomenally ignorant that he barely knew even the name of Shakespeare. Whether he had read a great deal or not I do not know, but he assuredly had some familiarity with the Greek classics, and he had spent four years at Cambridge. There is a passage in *Hansard* of 1877 that records his saying of a Mr. Waddy that he (Parnell) had come to know him as a Hecuba in his lamentations about the past and as a Cassandra in his gloomy anticipations of the future.



Charles Stewart Parnell; portrait by S. P. Hall in the National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin

I personally heard him in Committee Room Fifteen quote the lines which in those days at least had not become hackneyed: 'To thine own self be true, And it shall follow as the night the day Thou canst not then be false to any man'. If there be any who still doubt Parnell's intellectual equipment, let them read the full official record of his evidence in chief and in cross-examination before the Special Commission in 1889 when his whole political life was vivisected and laid bare for hostile examination.

Other fantastic misrepresentations have denied Parnell's greatness as a political leader and have attributed the success of Irish parliamentarianism in the eighteen-eighties to the brilliant abilities of certain of his more active lieutenants. None of us thought anything of the sort at the time. The plain fact remains for history to see that when Parnell went the success of his party soon went too—the Irish Question ceased to dominate British politics and the younger generation of Irishmen, having read the signs and portents, swept away Irish parliamentarianism for ever in 1918-21.

Attitude to the Militant Elements

The outstanding achievement of Parnell's career was his control of the agrarian revolutionary forces generated by the crop failures in 1878 and 1879 and of the ex-Fenians who still dreamed of armed revolt. He would, I think, himself have preferred military action, but his studies of American campaigns convinced him that it was hopelessly impracticable. The essence of his pact with the militant elements was disclosed in his speeches of 1879 and 1880. He did not believe it was possible indefinitely to maintain an independent Irish Party at Westminster, in face of the sapping and undermining by social and political influences to which it would be exposed. What he proposed was a political campaign, on constitutional lines, of a character as he described it, 'short, sharp and decisive like a bayonet charge', to win Home Rule—and if this failed, he said, he would return to the young men of Ireland and take counsel with them as to what further and other steps should be substituted. It was in this view that he maintained semi-friendly relations with the Liberals and Radicals in the mid-eighties for he feared that in the franchise and redistribution laws then under discussion the representation of Ireland, as fixed by the Act of Union, might be cut down. Again, it was in this view that he gave the Irish vote in Britain to the Tories, lest the Liberals might return with so large a majority as to dominate all other elements in the House. Indeed, Joseph Chamberlain had already threatened him with a dictated Irish policy far short of Home Rule and Gladstone himself had appealed to the British public for an overall majority.

Parnell was sure in his estimate of the interplay of the major factors in British politics. And later on he remained quite undismayed by the defeat that befell him after 'the Split' caused by the divorce proceedings. I remember his saying to me during the Carlow election, within four months of his death, that he was certain of the ultimate result. In a public speech he announced that he and his followers, though temporarily in a minority, would form 'rallying squares' on which the majority could fall back when their inevitable disappointment by the Liberals would defeat them. The possibility of his death had not occurred to him—nor to anybody else.

Apart from his genius, Parnell's two most marked characteristics were pride and pity. It was his pride that made him insist that once Mrs. O'Shea's name had been linked publicly with his own there must be a divorce so that he could make her his legal wife. It was his pride—pride for his country—that made him refuse to resign his Irish leadership at the call of the English Liberals. It was his pride that sustained him in his silent and disdainful endurance of the foul abuse that was heaped on him. It was his pity for the sufferings of the Irish people that drove him into public life. He shed tears whilst Sir Charles Russell was telling the Special Commission of the pitiful horrors of an eviction campaign. More than once he has dispatched me to interfere with a man beating a horse or to protect a vociferous opponent on the roadside from some of our more ardent supporters. His sense of pity explains the sympathetic thoughtfulness which he showed for the lady he loved as the following episode illustrates. I was with him at Castlecomer when a hostile mob pelted us with bags of lime. He was struck in the eyes. When we got out of the village I watched Dr. Hackett of Kilkenny roll back the eyelid on a pencil and try to remove the lime which had set on its inner surface—in vain. The socket and eye were greatly inflamed and swollen. Parnell took it all in stoic silence, though obviously in great pain, all through our drive back to Kilkenny. The newspapers told the story and the Anti-Parnellites straightway denied

it. Some even of their leaders wrote a joint letter to a London paper pledging their word that nothing but flour was thrown. The explanation illustrates my point. No sooner did Parnell reach his hotel than he sent a telegram to Mrs. O'Shea in Brighton to bid her disregard all press stories of an injury to his eyes and that he had not been hurt. The text of this telegram, by a Post Office indiscretion, reached the Anti-Parnellite leaders who based their denials on it. I did not learn of this until long afterwards. But at the time I had no doubt. I had got some of the white powder in my mouth, and it is not hard to distinguish between the taste of flour and the taste of lime.

When the Divorce Court verdict was pronounced I had no hesitation. I trusted Parnell as a man of honour, and it was clear that we had not been told the whole story in the undefended hearing. His private life was *his* private life. He had taken another man's wife, but I refused to believe that he had deceived the husband or had violated the honourable laws of hospitality. He was a great man—our Ireland's great man—and he was indispensable to the welfare of Ireland. But I was glad when he said in Committee Room Fifteen that the whole story was not yet told and 'I would rather appear to be dishonourable than be dishonourable'. That was for me full reassurance, and I have proved it all since.

I will add one reminiscence. A month or so later I was sitting beside Mr. R. B. Haldane, Q.C., on a bench in the House of Commons. He said, 'Of course, I am a Liberal and I go with my Party, but if I had been in your position I should have voted as you did. Mr. Parnell is a great man. I regard him as the strongest man who has been in the House of Commons for a hundred and fifty years'. And Lord Haldane, as he afterwards became, did not talk lightly.—*Third Programme*

Christ and Charon

After more terrors than the sea has waves
Where vultures black beyond redemption stood
Circling that boatman for his tithe of blood
Guiding to Hell his boat's eternal slaves,
I left that nightmare shore, and woke to naves
Of daybreak; there men walked in brotherhood,
Mutual forgiveness, love; their speech was good,
Being governed by the music of their graves.

Then death's rank odour changed to scented balm,
The sweat of horror to a holy gum,
Fierce lamentations to that living psalm;
There stood a cradle where time's waves were dumb
Above which angels sighed: 'Your life is come';
And every sigh a ship destined to calm.

VERNON WATKINS

Counsel to Boys

At Holy Trinity beside the quay
The grey one touched my arm and pointed up.
'Some poor soul going home', she said to me.

And in her eyes I saw the mourners pass,
And with her parchment ears I heard the chant
Raised for the dead bound in with lacquered brass.

A sea-wind like the passage of a soul
Fluttered her torn remains, and she was gone.
To all alike comes at the end such dole.

Therefore, rash youngster on the bridge at play
Near where the old men lean and fish for nothing,
Better than do as they do, I would say,

Since all are paid their funerary verses—
Better it is to study to grow rich,
And own at last a fleet of plated hearses.

How better serve the poor ones of your city
Than carry them in decent splendour home,
And thus on all grey, ragged souls take pity?

JAMES REEVES

Framework of the Future

By What Values?

By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD

SOME people think that we are civilised because we have gained so much control over our environment. In order to get such control, however, it is necessary that first we should submit in a certain sense to that environment and bow to its laws; and sometimes it is not clear which is the horse and which is the rider. These may be the days of railways, but if men have continually to be rushing from London to Newcastle to keep the machinery of society going, they may be as much the slaves of the new environment as their forefathers used to be of the old one.

A Moral Advance of the Past Fifty Years

If we take modern science on the one hand and modern organising skill on the other, their combined effect on human history has been remarkable in a different way. Primarily they have enabled vast populations to accumulate and to be kept alive in a way that could never have been imagined 250 years ago. This heaping-up of dense urban populations is one of the fundamental reasons why European history radically changed its character in the nineteenth century. Secondly, our science and our organising technique have made it possible to alter the quality of life for the great bulk of these populations. Two hundred years ago the ancestors of most of us would have looked too much like cows and they were sometimes treated too much like cows. Even fifty years ago they had to cringe too much before their employers. We must consider it an actual moral advance that has taken place in this respect. Many more people now have that higher degree of independence which is necessary for a more adult kind of moral life.

It is not clear whether science and organisation will develop quickly enough to continue these particular achievements or to extend the benefits over the entire globe. It is not even clear whether science and organisation will develop in the right direction—will not be used to exterminate millions instead of saving them, or to secure a great concentration of dictatorial power in a few people's hands. Much, therefore, is going to depend on the effective strength and the real character of the presiding ideas in society, the ideas that are to govern the next line of development. We cannot afford to put our confidence merely in the rapidity of progress. That rapidity itself has its perils for us, in fact. In the days when the pace was a little slower mankind had an opportunity to adapt itself at each new stage in the advance, to establish balanced relationships, to work out a coherent and harmonious life for the point that had been reached in the development of society. War greatly quickens the pace of progress in some things, while retarding it in others, so that a world is produced which is lop-sided and unbalanced. It is even possible for science to advance and for man's material power to be colossally multiplied, while the moral development of mankind fails to keep pace with the change, and people lose their sense of values. Even liberty may come too quickly and all the elaborate machinery of democracy is subject to terrible abuse when inexperienced peoples become wilful or over-anxious. All the science, all the marvels of modern organisation, can easily be steered into the service of evil causes.

Behind the mere machinery and apparatus of western life there is civilisation of a profounder kind. It is built up on ideas and these ideas owe their character to the fact that for over 1,000 years the western world developed under the presidency of Christianity. For one thing this meant that men believed in the independence of the spiritual principle. Under these circumstances you could not have real totalitarianism, the secular government deciding morality, deciding the moral end for which men should live. It is one of the factors that made our civilisation so galvanic—church and state perpetually at friction, men feeling that they had an independent footing from which to criticise not only the government but the whole order of society on ethical grounds. For another thing, men were believed to be spiritual creatures, born for eternity, their souls still marching on even after this globe had become a heap of dust.

The highest values in all the visible universe were human souls—the

value was not placed on men in the mass or on mere number, but on personality as such. This, more than any other single factor, lies behind our modern freedoms and our modern regard for personality. Similarly, I think it has been important that Christianity rejects certain things like pride and arrogance, which had often been virtues to the pagan. In spite of the stiff-necked self-righteousness which fanaticism produces at times, Christian teaching tended to promote a humbler, more self-deprecating type of personality—one more ready to negotiate than the modern arrogant, pagan systems. Christianity, co-operating with the advance in the machinery of civilisation, affected the direction of progress in a multitude of ways.

The greatest of all the changes in our civilisation took place roughly 250 years ago. It was the time when the Church began to lose its governing position in society—when our essentially religious civilisation became secularised. It is a remarkable fact that a leading part in that development was played by England. This was true in regard to the emergence of modern science and of a more utilitarian view of things; it was true in regard to parliamentary government and democratic ideas; it was true in regard to the industrial revolution—the people of Europe regarded us as a nation of shopkeepers. English ideas inspired that school of French thought which helped to make the French Revolution possible. What is curious, however, is the fact that many of the things which we passed on to Europe became much more explosive and harmful on the Continent than they proved to be here. Our parliamentary system, our liberty and our science developed to wilder extremes there, and turned into terrible tyrannies or inhuman creeds. In England we avoided revolutionary overthrows from that time, and while all these modern movements were developing amongst us we still held fast to our traditions. More of Christianity remained in our traditions, more of nonconformity and less of atheism, even in our liberalism, and much of the Christian outlook remained in a secularised form, even among those people who had thrown overboard Christian dogma. Above all, we retained more strongly than other countries the respect for personality as such—respect for the other man's views, for example—the tolerance which does not seek to wipe the other man out as a rogue or a fool or a vested interest. Even if we began the secularising movement, we did not rush so quickly to cruel revolutionary creeds. Down to our own day we represented before Europe our own system of ordered liberty—we had a message for the Continent.

We are sliding down an inclined plane, however, and many people who cherish the traditional values do not realise to what an extent they are living on old capital. The European world has been cutting more and more adrift from its ancient ideals; and now, in our time, we can see what happens if in a country tradition is more completely torn up, Christianity more thoroughly uprooted, and a revolutionary order established. The process can reach a point at which men envisage a materialist and naturalistic universe, with human beings conceived as merely a part of nature, and nature itself conceived as a murderous struggle for existence—a Hitler saying that nature is reckless of individual suffering, since all that matters is the welfare of the species.

The Modern Barbarians

In such circumstances one can have sympathy for the modern barbarians in a certain sense, for, starting with such a universe, it is not clear what ground they would have for building an ethical system on, let alone a spiritual view of life. Starting with such a system, you can have a world with nothing but naked self-interest—one section of a nation fighting another for a bigger share in the good things of society—one nation fighting another for power and *Lebensraum*—and once people see the materialistic interests as the naked realities, you can only have these conflicts: it is the pattern-method by which democracies tend to turn into dictatorships.

People in England are living more than they know on old capital still—on an unthinking acceptance of traditional values, on what are really secularised religious ideals or concealed Christian assumptions. We squirm at the cruelties of nazi and communist, but it seems to be

the case that a generation can be brought up which does not share many of our squeamishnesses. Those who are attached to the merely conventional values of the nineteenth century are the most vulnerable of all—we have seen how remarkably quickly those ideals can fall in the face of modern tendencies—how often their defence appears merely as an argument in a circle, convincing only to those who hold the nineteenth-century conventions to begin with. New, and long disinherited, classes are arising to whom those older values and conventions seem sometimes all the more alien because they have the genteel flavour of more aristocratic days. The question is: how, when mankind has moved on to this particular inclined plane, it can ever ascend again—how you can stop the rot—any more than water can rise above its own level. Alternatively we may say: when civilisations are tottering or are completely changing their form, what are the ultimate values, the things that must be carried out of the old order and still maintained in the new? When tradition and convention lose their force in society, what real foundation is there on which one's values can be built?

Some of the characteristic features of western civilisation which we most prize, including the respect for human personality, really had their ground in a spiritual view of life and a spiritual view of personality.

This was not a theory about human beings, and it was not a theoretical valuation of them. It was the assertion of a fact about them: it was in a sense almost a description of the stuff that they were actually made of—not the stuff that their physical bodies were made of, of course, but the self that presides over the physical body, the thing that makes you you. If you have a world where this assertion is taken as a fact, then there is no doubt about the value of personality; and it was the belief in facts of this kind that gave the values of our western civilisation a basis that was recognisable. It is a question whether our emphasis on liberty and on human personality today is a feasible thing in fact, unless it is accompanied by a powerful affirmation of the spiritual side of life. Historically, religion has a most intimate connection with the rise of a civilisation and particularly with the values that are established in society. If these values are divorced from their religious basis they may live on for a time, but they easily wither and they fail when the real test comes.

Once again Britain may have a message for the world, but it is a question whether we can save our ideas and values against their enemies both at home and abroad, unless we find deeper roots for them than they have at present.—*Home Service*

Contemporary Movements in Theology

Neo-Thomism and the Liturgical Revival

By the Rev. NATHANIEL MICKLEM

I HAVE been told to relate my two subjects to the collapse of modernism. So let us be quite clear as to what we are going to mean by modernism. It is a very different thing from that liberalism which Dr. Raven so splendidly expounded*. The English modernists, says Dr. Raven, 'insist upon the necessity of history and are apt to dismiss facts of faith as mythology and nothing more'. It is that sort of modernism I shall have in mind when I use the word. I have to speak of two subjects which at first sight have little to do with each other, though they really are connected. I am to talk about subjects on which many different opinions are possible. I do not regard myself as an oracle. Let me tell you what I think. Consider me to be opening a discussion and no more.

First, then, about Neo-Thomism. I should be disposed to say that one of the most remarkable movements or changes of my lifetime has been the intellectual revival of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1864 Pope Pius IX issued an exhaustive syllabus of all the errors of the day and condemned indiscriminately 'pantheism, naturalism, rationalism, both absolute and relative, indifferentism, latitudinarianism, socialism, communism, clandestine societies, biblical societies, clerico-liberal societies *et eiusmodi pestes*'. It is really not surprising, therefore, that when I was young, we were not expecting intellectual light and leadership from the Roman Church. But a very great change has come, and it has come pre-eminently through the renewed study of St. Thomas Aquinas, which has given rise to the movement called Neo-Thomism. I must try to give you some account of that, but it is not easy. St. Thomas had a mind of astonishing clarity and a style of great precision, but there is no way of summarising him briefly, and in any case summarising St. Thomas is rather like summarising a poet; the colour and the life are lost.

St. Thomas taught that there are some truths about God and religion which may be known by the natural light of reason; there are other truths, such as the doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation, which can only be known by special, supernatural revelation. There are some truths which may be known both by reason and by revelation, but in general there is a distinction between truths naturally known and those supernaturally known. It is in respect of truths naturally known that St. Thomas' work has proved so fruitful. In respect of truths supernaturally revealed he was largely traditional, and he cannot be called orthodox altogether by modern Protestant or Roman Catholic standards. It is as the protagonist of reason that he has been so immensely important. It is as a philosopher rather than as a theologian that he helps us. Under his influence Christianity has (to use modern slang terms) 'staged an intellectual come-back'.

This was greatly needed. The foundations of the Christian faith were being attacked from many sides: by the general scepticism of the

Age of Reason so-called, which challenged all authorities; by some literary critics of the Scriptures; by the discoveries of the geologists and the theories of the biologists, who were overthrowing the old world-view which was assumed in traditional theology; and by the psychologists who thought the Unconscious a better hypothesis than God. No wonder that many Christians, especially in the Church of Rome and the Church of England, were proclaiming a supernatural faith and shutting their eyes to natural and proper questions; they were being reactionary, in fact. And no wonder that many Christians, especially in the Free Churches, were trying to find, for faith, a region of religious experience or value-judgments beyond the reach of historical and scientific criticism, and were in danger of losing the historical element in the Gospel.

It was precisely here that St. Thomas came to the rescue and made possible a Christian counter-offensive. His purely logical and rational proofs that God exists, that He is personal, that He is good, could be put, as was found, into modern terms and used in answering sceptics and unbelievers on their stands at the Marble Arch. Christians began to think that reason was on their side, that to be an unbeliever was not very sensible, and indeed that unbelief was not due to modern thought but to lack of serious thought. A new note came into Christian apologetics and a new confidence into Christian voices. As I shall make plain in a moment, I do not think that St. Thomas' position is finally satisfactory, but his massive thought and profound rationalism make most modern scepticism and unbelief look by comparison rather cheap and shallow. Most of the moderns have not said 'No' to St. Thomas' arguments; they have merely failed to consider them. The Roman Catholic Church may claim to have rediscovered St. Thomas Aquinas. But I should not call St. Thomas a Roman Catholic theologian in the modern sense. He is the theologian of the medieval church, which is the mother of all our churches. In this sense he belongs to us all, and his influence has been felt and valued by us all. He is seriously studied by Anglican and Free Church theologians as well as in the Roman Church.

For the purpose of this series of talks Neo-Thomism is important not so much as an answer to modernism as itself a form of modernism. That is to say, if you regard modernism* as the movement which is a reaction from a religion of authority, from obscurantism, from refusal to trust reason and face real intellectual difficulties, then the philosophy of St. Thomas brings the most powerful aid to the modernist because of its rigorous and fundamental rationalism. But it has this great advantage over other forms of modernism, that it finds no incompatibility between the strictest demands of logic and the supernatural revelation of the Church's faith.

Is this a permanent movement or a flash in the pan? Who can

* See THE LISTENER of March 8

say? Shall I venture in a sentence a personal judgment? I think we shall find increasingly unsatisfactory St. Thomas' division of truths into those of reason and those of revelation. Indeed, I agree with the late Archbishop William Temple that the old distinction between truths of reason and truths of revelation will not do at all. I doubt greatly whether sheer logic, apart from spiritual illumination, will take us nearly as far as St. Thomas thought; I think his system is tied to the erroneous idea that religious truth can be identified with a series of propositions, and I believe that the way forward now lies through a rediscovery and development of the Augustinian tradition of St. Thomas' great opponent, St. Bonaventura; but let there be no question of the mighty help that has come to Christian thinkers in recent years through the study of that great scholar and great saint, St. Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor.

I must turn to my allied subject, the liturgical revival. The theology of the Christian Church at any period is the transcript of its worship, and the theology is often unintelligible apart from the worship which it expresses. On the other hand, and conversely, any change in the thought or understanding of the Church is likely to be reflected in its worship, unless indeed its worship is so tied to traditional forms that it cannot be altered or modified at all. That there has been some close connection between modernism and the liturgical revival is, I think, clear, but we must not seek to tidy things up too much, and I doubt whether the liturgical revival in the Roman Catholic Church has much to do with modernism. A revival in this connection always means an advance that rests upon a going back. The centre of the liturgical revival in the Roman Church has been the monastery of Maria Laach in Germany. The chief aim of the revival, as I understand it, has been to restore what we may call the People's Mass. Traditionally, the priest is called the celebrant; he and his assistants perform all the ceremony; the congregation is passive. These Roman Catholic reformers are seeking to give to the people, the congregation, its due and proper and original place in the responses and movements of the ritual. Again, from time immemorial the Pope, when he celebrates Mass in the church of St. John Lateran in Rome, does not adopt what is called the eastward position, but stands behind the Holy Table facing the people. This was primitive practice, and it is here and there being restored, as I understand, in the Roman Communion. Such reforms might seem like a belated discovery of John Calvin, for they were central to his work, but I question whether Protestant influences have counted here. Moreover, it has yet to be seen whether this revival, so to call it, is to have wide and permanent influence on Roman Catholic practice.

An earlier talk in this series has stressed the stabilising influence of the Anglican liturgy; it has meant that, whereas modernism in the Free Churches has been to some extent a destructive or disintegrating influence, it has, on the whole, been liberalising in the Church of England. The liturgical revival in the Church of England, which has been practical rather than theological, goes back further than the rise of what in this series we have meant by modernism. Till the so-called Oxford Movement in the first half of the nineteenth century, frequent communion was the habit of the Free Churches rather than of the Church of England. In recent years the office of Matins has tended to be set aside in favour of the Communion Service, and the religious renewal in the Church of England in the last thirty years is marked by the attendances at the eight o'clock Communion Service in most parish churches. But it would be better to say that the liturgical revival in the Church of England has been a bulwark against the extremer forms of modernism than to regard it as a result of modernism or a reaction against it.

The most noteworthy liturgical revival is to be found in the Free Churches, and here the connection with modernism is reasonably clear. Many in the Free Churches were concerned at the influence of the extremer forms of modernism on their church life and thought. The creed of modernism seemed more and more to be a rationalism or watered down version of the Gospel, which was true neither to the evangelicalism that came with the Wesleys nor to the earlier Protestant Reformation. Hence, they were driven back to a study of their sources, and it was found that the work of the Wesleys might as truly be called a sacramental revival as an evangelical, and much the same was true of Calvin. The Reformation laid enormous stress upon the preaching of the Word, but the sermon is not the whole of public worship: its place, however, had been so magnified in current Free Church thought that the rest of the service was sometimes described as 'the preliminaries'. The great change and revival which, to a very considerable

extent, has come over Free Church liturgical practice has been due to the virtual rediscovery of the majestic structure of the Calvinist order which in principle is eucharistic; that is to say, public worship in the Free Churches is not like Matins and Evensong, but has all the parts of the Communion Service, except the elements, when there is no celebration of the Holy Supper. Anglicans have long been careful students of ancient liturgical usages; the serious study of liturgics by Free Church scholars is a new thing and is profoundly influencing the practice of their churches. Moreover, in the Free Churches the liturgical or sacramental revival has a deep theological significance. Modernism had, to a large extent, gone with what is unfairly but usually called a Zwinglian conception of the Lord's Supper, which was often regarded theoretically as a rite in memory of the Passion and not very much more. With the neo-Calvinism or renewed study of Calvin came the increasing recognition that the Word of God which is 'the presence of Christ with his people is conveyed (and not merely remembered) in the preaching and in the sacrament.

Neo-Calvinism and neo-Thomism are alike, in part, reactions from a too triumphant and self-confident modernism, and both movements have very much in common, for it has been well said that the Age of Reason marks a far more decisive break in the history of Europe than does the Reformation. The Reformers at the Reformation, as the name suggests, never thought to question the essential Christian faith; they sought to reform a deeply corrupted church. The Age of Reason or the Illumination, as it is sometimes called, questioned everything and challenged all authority. Modernism is the child of the Age of Reason. Neo-Thomism, neo-Calvinism and the accompanying liturgical revival are an attempt to go back to the sources of Christianity and of the Church's life before the Age of Reason. They indicate a notable revival of religion. But these movements have their perils. With these movements has come also in some quarters a distressing revival of obscurantism. We may not attempt to set the clocks back. There will be no true and lasting revival of religion that is not a return to the sources of our life and inspiration. But there will be no true and lasting revival if the gains and positive achievements of the modernist movement are neglected or despised.—*Third Programme*

Finland's Achievements and Difficulties

(continued from page 446)

of limited groups. It is only natural that under such political circumstances it is not always easy to maintain the balance of power so essential to a country in Finland's position. Theoretically, it ought to be possible to unite the political forces supporting Finnish interests, but in the background there is always the pioneer who saw a chip floating on the river.

Two very important elections will take place in Finland during next spring and summer. At the end of March and at the beginning of April, the representatives of the Finnish Trades Union Council will be elected. No doubt, communist and non-communist elements within the trade unions organisation will struggle hard for seats. Communists are at present in the minority of four to six, but they will certainly do their utmost to gain a majority in this key position. Psychologically, the struggle between Finnish Social Democrats and Communists is an internal, not an external, affair. In a way, this complicates the question. I rather think that communists will remain in a minority in the forthcoming Trades Union Council elections.

General elections will be held on July 1 and 2 next. As the largest parties—that is the Agrarians and the Social Democrats, reinforced by representatives of the Swedish Party and the small Liberal Party—are responsible for the Government, it is unlikely that the election campaign will become very hectic. The opposition—the Conservatives and Communists—will both have their chance, since the prevailing inflation can be used to incite criticism against the parties in power. Inflation represents the main problem in the stabilisation of the country's internal affairs. It is evident that in a country like Finland it is of vital interest to stem the inflation, if a democratic system is to be maintained.

We have neither the possibility nor the wish to participate in an international war, be it hot or cold. Our survival over international political conflicts rather depends on how the question 'to be—without being involved' can be settled. Whatever the future difficulties both Great Britain and Finland will have to face, I hope that we may meet each other next year in the Olympic Games in peaceful competition.

—From a talk in the Home Service

NEWSDIARY

March 14-20

Wednesday, March 14

Mr. Gromyko puts forward revised agenda for proposed four-power conference in Washington

South Korean patrols re-enter Seoul

Anglo-Italian talks end in London

Australia to hold General Election

Thursday, March 15

Deputies of Foreign Ministers of Western Powers put forward revised agenda in Paris

It is announced that Britain and Egypt have reached agreement in principle on Egypt's sterling balances

Persian Lower House votes for nationalisation of oil industry

Friday, March 16

Text is published of British Note to Persia about the interests of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company

9,000 London dockers stop work when seven dockers again appear at Bow Street

Fourteen persons killed in railway accident near Doncaster

Saturday, March 17

Four deputies of Foreign Ministers in Paris reach deadlock on agenda proposal

Committee of Ministers of Council of Europe ends meeting in Paris

A Vatican decree excommunicates all concerned in expelling Primate of Czechoslovakia from his diocese

Sunday, March 18

United Nations forces advance on fifty-mile front in Central Korea

Mr. Strachey states that Russia has 175 divisions and 4,000,000 men under arms

The British Government sends an aide-memoire to the United States on proposed peace treaty with Japan

Monday, March 19

Draft treaty implementing Schuman Plan initialled in Paris

Mr. Ede, Leader of the House of Commons, asks Opposition to discuss means of ending continual night sessions

Former Persian Minister of Education shot in Teheran

Tuesday, March 20

Martial law proclaimed in Persia

United Nations forces in Korea reach points seventeen miles from the 38th parallel

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery to be Deputy Supreme Commander to General Eisenhower

Many strikes in Paris



Last week-end Mr. Strachey, Secretary of State for War, in a speech at Dundee, gave estimates of the size of the Soviet Army. He said that Russia had some 4,000,000 men under arms; in the standing army, not including reserves, there were about 2,100,000 men organised in 175 divisions. Mr. Strachey said that in proportion to the population Russia was supporting an army twice the size of ours. The photograph shows a Russian infantry detachment marching through Red-Square, Moscow.



Princess Elizabeth paid a visit to Cheltenham College on March 16. Her Royal Highness is seen being shown around the buildings by a group of prefects. After her visit to the College the Princess cut the first turf of a new housing estate and planted a tree in commemoration of the event.

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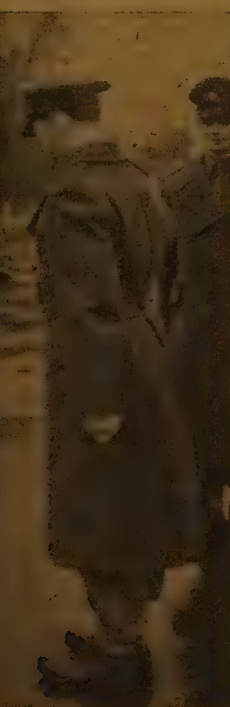
Parliament voted in favour of the oil industry; on March 15, the Persian Government, the expressed concern about the Iranian Oil Company and its company's present agreement with the Persian Government was valid and not legally terminated. This is the world's largest oil field at Abadan.



Korean children cheering a United States soldier in Seoul after the city had been reoccupied by United Nations forces on March 14. Troops found only the very old and the very young left in the city. This is the fourth time in eight months that the Korean Republic's capital has changed hands. During the past week U.N. troops were reported to be nearing the 38th parallel.



England beat Scotland by 5 points to 3 in the International rugby football match at Twickenham on Saturday and so regained the Calcutta Cup. In the photograph A. C. Towell (England) makes a break for the Scottish line.



Gascoigne distributing Guards at the Caterham Patrick's Day ceremony, Saturday.



Shepherd tends new-born lambs near Dunmow.



A second test of acoustics was made in the Royal Festival Hall on March 14 when a concert conducted by Mr. Basil Cameron was given before an invited audience. In addition to orchestral music and piano solos, pistol shots were fired to test the hall for resonance. A photograph taken during the concert showing a section of the hall with some of the boxes specially designed to cut down echoes and to give an uninterrupted view.

Party Political Broadcast

The Conservative Case for an Election

By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, O.M., Leader of the Conservative Party

WE have suffered a serious loss in the departure of Mr. Bevin from the Foreign Office. After nearly eleven years of continuous service of the most arduous character it was felt that for some time past he was breaking under the strain. Although I differed from him in his handling of many questions, I feel bound to put on record that he takes his place among the great Foreign Secretaries of our country, and that, in his steadfast resistance to communist aggression, in his strengthening of our ties with the United States, and in his share of building up the Atlantic Pact, he has rendered services to Britain and to the cause of peace which will long be remembered. As his war-time leader I take this opportunity to pay my tribute to him and to his devoted wife.

My friends, our country is in a position of danger and perplexity. Abroad, things are bad, and we are becoming ever more divided at home. At a time when it would take our whole genius and united strength to cope with our troubles and ward off our perils, we are more sharply and evenly separated than I can remember in a long life. In 1940, you remember that, at the time of the Battle of Britain, everyone could see our danger was very great. In my opinion the dangers which many of us cannot see are even greater now. But then we were a united people—now we are absorbed in party strife. I am not going to pretend that all the faults are on one side. It takes two to make a quarrel. But I submit to you that the prime responsibility must rest with the Government of the day. They have the initiative and the power. They create the situations and present the issues, and the Opposition parties react to them as best they can.

When Parliament was recalled last September, there was, I think, a chance of this House of Commons having a longer and more useful life than will now be its fate. The Prime Minister proposed to us the first version of the great rearmament scheme—£3,600,000,000 in three years—and he asked for the institution of two years' compulsory military service. In spite of our party differences, I asked the House to pass the measures almost in a day, and thus sent a message of national unity on defence and foreign policy around the world. This was done, and if the Prime Minister had met us in a similar spirit our home politics might well have taken a better turning. However, within a week of receiving our support in this effective manner, Mr. Attlee astonished us by the announcement that he was proceeding at once to carry out the Steel Nationalisation Act. This was playing at party politics with a vengeance. There was a perfectly good working compromise put forward by the Trades Union Congress under which owners, employers and men in the steel industry could have worked happily together. But the Prime Minister brushed this aside and used the nationalisation of steel as a means of increasing the antagonism by which his party live and thus placated his own extremists. By this act of partisanship he destroyed whatever chance there was of friendly co-operation in the present Parliament. I have no wish to be too hard upon Mr. Attlee. He certainly has a lot to bear. I sincerely trust his health will stand the strain. I resented Mr. Stalin calling him a warmonger. I thought this was quite untrue. It was also

unfair, because this word 'warmonger' was, as you have no doubt heard, the one that many of Mr. Attlee's friends and followers were hoping to fasten on me whenever the election comes—they were keeping that for my especial benefit. Stalin has therefore been guilty, not only of an untruth, but of infringement of copyright. I think Mr. Stalin had better be careful or else Mr. Silverman will have him up for breach of privilege, or something like that.

Obviously, we approach an election. Parliamentary democracy rests upon elections. But prolonged electioneering is not good for Britain. We have already had fifteen months of election fever. That would try the strongest constitution. It was hoped that the election a year ago would give a decision one way or the other, but instead it produced almost exact equality. Since then we have had a Government representing a minority of the electors trying to conduct all our grave and critical affairs without a normal working majority in the House of Commons. All their work is cut out in keeping their heads above water from day to day: indeed, I might say from night to night.

Parliamentary debate has become largely meaningless. All the time the two great party machines are grinding up against each other with the utmost energy, dividing every village, every street, every town and city into busy party camps. Each party argues that it is the fault of the other. What is certain is that to prolong the process indefinitely is the loss of all. After all, no nation possesses in common such long gathered moral and social treasures. No nation is more accustomed to practical methods of give and take from day to day, and few countries have at the present time—let me remind you—to look 'mortal dangers more directly in the face. Naturally, we all ask the question, are we really to go on all through the spring, summer and autumn with this struggle in Parliament and strife in the constituencies? Democracy does not express itself in clever manoeuvres by which a handful of men survive from day to day, or another handful of men try to overthrow them. Once it can be seen that a great new situation or great new issues lie before us, an appeal should be made to the people to create some governing force which can deal with our affairs in the name and in the interest of the large majority of the nation.

An entirely new situation is now before the country—there is the tremendous policy of rearmament. Why was this not mentioned by the Government at the General Election? All the essential facts were known to Mr. Attlee and his colleagues. The outbreak in Korea six months later merely showed the public what was well known to the Government. The Government knew as well as they do now the menacing strength of the Soviet armies and air force and U-boats. They knew what had happened to Poland and to Czechoslovakia and in the Russian zone of Germany. They knew perfectly well that to make an efficient army for Britain with its numerous overseas requirements—two years' service was needed. Why did they not propose it? Why did they not even mention it? The operative responsibility was theirs. They were seeking a new mandate. It is for them to answer that question. Why did they not do it? Mr. Baldwin, as you may remember, was

censured for not having warned the country as Prime Minister in 1935 that rearmament was necessary. Mr. Baldwin knew that had he done so, he would have been violently attacked by the other side. But Mr. Attlee had not even that excuse, because he knew that the Conservative Party would support him if he asked for their support, not only upon rearmament but on the increase of the military service to two years. He did not do so. Thus, the present Parliament was elected on a basis quite different from that which now exists. Here, apart from all other arguments, is a plain case for consulting the people on the new issues.

Should there be an immense rearmament? We say 'Yes'—but if so, are the Ministers, who now have it in hand, having regard to their proved incapacity, the men to be trusted with it? The most disturbing and harmful condition in our domestic politics is the uncertainty about when an election will come. This keeps party strife at its keenest point. The Prime Minister has deliberately aggravated this evil. 'The election will come', he says, 'at the right time', meaning, of course, the right time for him and his party. Of this he is to be the sole judge. Any day, therefore, we may be plunged into all this tumult of electioneering. Both sides must be continually prepared. All our problems at home and abroad are made more difficult by this uncertainty. Yet Mr. Attlee's policy seems to be to prolong it to the utmost limit in his power.

This magnifies party interests and organisation out of all proportion to national affairs. It keeps everything on edge. Every word spoken has to be tested by the controversial use that might be made of it. It cannot be good for our public life. It cannot strengthen our position in the world. It harms the whole of our business. No one can compute the loss in money and prosperity, yet we are led to believe that the Government intend to go on until the last possible minute, prolonging all these strains and stresses. It is more than plain that they have lost the confidence of the nation, but the plainer it becomes the more obstinately and desperately they cling to their offices on the chance that something will turn up. They seek to prolong this hateful and costly uncertainty. We seek to bring it to an end. It is in the national interest that it should come to an end and that a broad-based Government resting on a clear and strong majority should come into power. We need a Government unhampered by narrow doctrinal party dogma or by the interests of any particular class. We need a Government able to address itself with a fresh eye and calm resolution to all our problems and deal with them on their merits. Certainly it is not an inviting prospect for any new Government to have to face. The more the consequences of devaluation make themselves remorselessly felt, the harder will be our lot. There are some who argue that we should leave the burden in the hands of those who have so largely brought it into being. 'Let them reap where they have sown': that is what is said. I hold, on the contrary, that it would be unpatriotic to allow the present degeneration to continue.

Look at the dangers to world peace which come from a weak, divided, and largely disregarded Britain. Look at the way we are treated by so many countries whom we have helped in

days not long gone by. The Conservative and Unionist Party have therefore made up their minds on national rather than on party grounds to do their utmost to bring about an appeal to the nation at the earliest moment, and to use to the full our parliamentary and constitutional rights for that purpose. What happens at home, my friends, is in our hands. We cannot control what happens abroad. We have an influence—we might have a much greater influence. But the supreme decisions are outside our power. It is, however, within our power to reach a solid, stable, coherent settlement at home. If we did, we should not only be much stronger and therefore much safer, but we should have far more power to shape and lever the movement of events towards our goal. What is our goal? What is our hearts' wish? It is very plain, it is very simple. It is only the hearts' desire of all the millions of ordinary men and women with their hard workaday lives, all the peoples still outside the totalitarian curtain all over the world—only their hearts' desire: freedom and peace. The right to be let alone to lead our own lives in our own way, under our own laws, and give our children a fair chance to make the best of themselves. It is not wrong for anyone to ask for that. It is not much for Britain to ask. We did our best to fight for it, in the late war;

for a whole year we fought alone. When at last all our enemies surrendered we thought we had won it—won it at least for a lifetime. But now it seems that we are again in jeopardy. We are in a sad, sombre period of world history where no good-hearted, valiant Russian soldier, worker or peasant; no hard-pressed, disillusioned German family; no home in the war-scarred democracies of western Europe or in our own island we have guarded so long, so well, or far across the Atlantic in mighty America—no household can have the feeling after a long day's faithful toil that they can go to sleep without the fear that something awful is moving towards them; and this is what has come to us after all our efforts and sacrifices, and come upon us at a time when, but for the thoughtlessness of the free democracies and the organised designs of the Kremlin oligarchy, expanding science, like a fairy godmother, could have opened the gates of the Golden Age to all.

I do not suggest that any one country or any party in any country has the power or the virtue to sweep away this nightmare which darkens ever more in our deep confusion and unrest. But there are a great many nations who are trying very hard and it ought to be our earnest resolve that Britain should play her part, and her full part, in saving mankind from

the two hideous alternatives thrust before us—communist tyranny or annihilating war.

My friends, I have traced for you in these few minutes tonight the outlines of this strange and awe-inspiring world picture, and everyone around every table or fireside who is listening to me here in our island and beyond it—because many are listening—will, I feel, be asking themselves: what ought we to do to make Britain strong and splendid so that we can play our true and real parts once again in the defence of human rights and dignity, founded as they can only be upon justice and peace? Surely our duty shines clear and plain before us. Surely we ought not to let the inevitable difficulties of our party strife prevent our rising to our full majesty and becoming once again one of the foremost champions and guides of the free world.

I have a long experience and this has come into my mind. In critical and baffling situations it is always best to recur to first principles and simple action. Trust the people, go to the people, let the people have their say. Let there be a General Election where they can express their will—where they can express their will through a Parliament worthy of what is strongest and best in our race. It is for this that we are resolved to strive. Goodnight!—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Latin America in the World Today

Sir,—Despite Sir Ronald Fraser's commendable attempt to squeeze a sub-continent into a matter of minutes, I feel that his interesting talk on Latin America did not elaborate one factor which deserves every attention, even in so wide a survey, when examining the unhappy condition of the Andean. The habit of coca-chewing, or *coqueo* as it is called, accounts in no small degree for the miserable life, particularly in Peru and Bolivia, of the Andean Indian and often of the mestizo. It has been suggested that, physiologically, the Andean man is an exception to biological types and that the extreme altitude at which he lives in the Sierra and the Altiplano partly explains this. It is contended that these climatic and geographical factors justify the *coqueo*—in fact, that the mysterious nutritive content 'X' in the leaf is beneficial and necessary.

Andean man is, physiologically, no different from ordinary man and if high altitudes call for the taking of toxics, why is there no recourse to analagous drugs in, say Tibet, and why is chewing widespread in the yungas and low-lying coastal belt? It is rather a question of social conditions and traditions, and the *coqueo* is both the cause and effect of these conditions.

A *coquero* or chewer may ingest daily as much as thirty times the amount of cocaine prescribed in an average medical dose. It is obvious no nutritive properties could survive such alkaloid intake. The coca leaf is habit-forming with its cocaine content of up to 1 per cent. and is grown indiscriminately; nearly 11,000 tons are chewed annually in Peru and Bolivia alone, whereas the estimated total world requirements of coca leaf for the manufacture of cocaine for medical purposes fall somewhere between 500 and 700 tons.

The phenomenon of *coqueo* can be traced back to the eleventh century though it was only after the collapse of the Inca hierarchy that the

practice became general, reserved before to the upper and less active classes. Sir Ronald Fraser pointed out the ever-increasing population and the low standard of living in the Andes, but did not describe the vicious circle in which the Indian lives. It is, for the Andean, a problem of providing himself with the minimum of sustenance, not only in the agricultural districts, but in the more accessible industrial and mining areas. If, on the one hand, cocaine helps to cloud over the daily misery of the *coquero*, it is used above all as a relief from the pangs of hunger. Under conditions harsh and hopeless, and in a state of resignation, the *coquero* has little will to work; there is thus insufficient production and agriculture; shortages and hunger ensue; the coca leaf is taken to relieve the sensation of hunger, reducing the efficiency of the *coquero* to an extremely low level which in turn retards the betterment of social and economic conditions. And the circle recommences.

Nutrition is the clue, and this the speaker recognised. But there must be, parallel with this economic development, an enforced but gradual suppression of the *coqueo* which is at the heart of the matter. To this end, Peru set up its coca monopoly in 1949 and Bolivia is taking similar steps in line with the conclusions of the United Nations Commission of Enquiry which did so much excellent work in the two countries during the autumn of 1949.

Perhaps with poetic licence we may be allowed to wonder that if Coca-cola (which takes its flavouring from the coca leaf) comes to five tables out of five in Lima, Cuzco and La Paz, can credit be far behind?—Yours, etc.,

Manchester

P. I. C. LAWTON

Science as a Solution to Our Problems

Sir,—I have often seen statements similar to that of your correspondent, the Rev. G. T. Hill, that 'By no stretch of imagination can a will for good be derived from "material progress"'. It is difficult to account for this odd human

reluctance to associate the two when all human beings must have had some experience of the effect of an adverse environment upon the 'will for good'. The notion that he is a remarkable philosopher who can abide the toothache without irritation is surely as old as philosophy. If the social sciences have demonstrated anything at all conclusively it is that broken homes breed anti-social children. And it requires little wit to see the connection between poverty and the broken home, or between the anti-social person and the will to bad.

These are admittedly only aspects of the total situation, but they would seem to be sufficiently elementary and incontestable to suggest greater care in the use of grand negative generalisations.

Yours, etc.,

J. SPARROW

London, N.W.5

Contemporary Scientific Mythology

Sir,—In my view, Mr. Stephen Toulmin's first two talks provide scientists with further grounds for suspecting that the positivists might be wooing them with a kiss of death. They will agree with his two main ideas, namely, the need for caution when widening the scope of a scientific notion and the fact that the best men to ask about the universe as a whole are the cosmologists and not the thermodynamicians. But they may well feel less happy about certain other things that he says.

The argument of his second talk is based on a formal statement of the Second Law that does far less than justice to its physical content. Professor Polanyi and Dr. Clark have already mentioned this fact and I agree with most of what they say (apart from Dr. Clark's diversion on the Force Behind Everything: It or is it He?). However, may I point out that Mr. Toulmin's mistake is exactly what one would expect from a person so bent on being accurate that he refuses to consider less exact but more informative versions of the Second Law than the 'closed system' statement? The surprising thing is that

he does not reject entropy altogether on the ground that thermodynamic equilibrium is never attained.

Apart from this cavalier treatment of physics, Mr. Toulmin seems to me vulnerable on a more important but less tangible issue. Throughout his first talk he gives the firm impression that scientific theories are not relevant to the formation of a 'world view'. Thus he boggles at the idea that Fred Hoyle's theories and our attitude to the world are connected in any way. Instead of helping us to frame our world view with the aid of all available scientific knowledge he wants us to divide our knowledge into bits and pieces and then sternly to resist all attempts to fit them together. In trying to stand up straight, he falls over backwards. If he succeeds in preventing physicists from talking nonsense about philosophy it is only by preventing their talking sense about philosophy. In the meantime theologians, who now use a kind of double-speak that leaves it beautifully vague as to whether or not they deal with the everyday world, can stage something of a revival and remain unmolested as long as they choose the right language. Thus does Mr. Toulmin divide while others rule.

I submit, therefore, that Mr. Toulmin's point of view, although reasonable in many respects, leaves us practically powerless against the most important branches of modern obscurantism—Christianity and Marxism.—Yours, etc.,
London, E.1 R. O. DAVIES

Sir,—Mr. Crammer quotes Professor Frank's quotation from Burtt which includes '... the animism in Newton's conception of force ...'. In the *Queries to the Opticks*, especially in the thirty-first, and last, there is no such *animism*. There Newton uses 'Force' or 'attractive Force' or 'Attraction' descriptively. In fair paraphrase, for example, the 'Attraction' between two gravitating bodies simply expresses the fact that they tend to approach one another. The 'Attraction' or 'Force' is not the actual agent, but covers the actual causes—in the case of gravitation unknown. The 'very strong Attractions' making 'the Particles of Bodies stick together' similarly describe cohesion, for 'Agents in Nature' actually make them stick. To discover these 'Agents', or causes, Newton adds, is the 'Business of Experimental Philosophy'.

Newton calls God the 'first Cause', not the first 'Force'.—Yours, etc.,
Leeds JOSHUA C. GREGORY

The Liberal Tradition in Theology

Sir,—Canon Raven certainly challenges latent criticism by his choice of the three basic axioms essential for the logical foundation of a revival of the liberal tradition in theology. His first, that the Christian religion is 'grounded' in history—assuming here the creative rather than the nautical meaning of the verb—implies a very precise moment of origin. In fact because of man's incalculable ancestry—some geologists ask for millions of years for the span of sentient man—it is quite a recent event. Thus is salvation presented as the belated afterthought of a much preoccupied Deity. What indeed was the spiritual hope vouchsafed to those vast pre-A.D. populations; and what their comfort?

The second axiom commits Canon Raven to the doctrine, now well accepted, of evolutionary continuity. If this be granted it follows that salvation works in no restricted province. Life then in all its forms is eligible for Immortality—the garland of consciousness. For all grades from corpuscle to leviathan are indissolubly linked and related. Logically there can be no limiting horizons. Can it even be argued that in the infinite lineage of man there was ever a hiatus severing father from son; the one to become incarnate, the other existing transiently, a beast

of the field? If all life is one flesh, salvation is universal—in all dimensions whether of time or kind. The divine largesse is far-flung. The third, 'to see all Nature and history as the sphere of the Spirit's operation', gives force and emphasis to the second, and confirms the interpenetration of Christian principles throughout the field of consciousness. Perhaps indeed setting the frame and design of the very fabric of the universe; for science scarcely sets a bound between the organic and the physical. Alas, the uniqueness of man may be no more than a vanity of vanities!

Yours, etc.,

Selham

A. GUNNER

Framework of the Future

Sir,—Mr. Roy Harris, in a fairly lengthy letter in your columns last week, attempts to prove that we do not believe in the right of every nation to determine its own government and way of life. One important fact he omits to mention—namely that communists have never won a general election in a free country anywhere in Europe: in other words they have never come to power by democratic means.

Yours, etc.,

Wallington

PHYLLIS M. LANGLEY

A Novelist to his Readers

Sir,—Mr. Henry Green seems to have destroyed his own thesis. After giving us a description of a scene he witnessed on a bus, he adds two novelistic renderings of it in dialogue form. The description of the original incident is fresh and vivid; the two samples of possible treatment that follow are, on the other hand, forced and artificial, badly written and (worst of all) boring. Moreover, the most telling and revealing sentence in the original description—I did not let her catch my eye—is entirely missing in the subsequent versions. If Mr. Green had been endeavouring to show the superiority of direct description or plain narrative over dialogue he could not have chosen better examples.

Yours, etc.,

Slough

GEORGE R. LAMB

On the Borders of Tibet

Sir,—That 'quite awful' tea with salt and rancid butter referred to by Mr. James Cameron in his interesting talk 'On the Borders of Tibet' is really one of the most delightful and health sustaining foods in the east, and I wish I had some of it to drink now. I never lost an opportunity of partaking of it during my sojourn in the Forbidden Land. By the way, since when was Yatung 'a dim unheard of Tibetan village'? I have many happy recollections of this part of the beautiful Chumbi Valley, when it was neither unheard of nor remote.—Yours, etc.,

Porthleven

G. E. O. KNIGHT

The Women's Rebellion

Sir,—At the close of the excellent programme 'The Women's Rebellion', Miss Charlotte Marsh outlined some of the many advantages which women and children enjoy today as a result of the efforts of the suffragettes. She remarked that women were now the legal guardians of their children.

Until last summer this was my impression. When, however, I was applying for a passport I wished to add the names of my children in the hope of taking them abroad at some future time. The form stated that when the applicant was not the legal guardian of the children, a letter of consent from the legal guardian must be produced. I did not imagine that this applied in my case but was informed by the clerk that I must call again with a letter of consent from my husband. This, he explained patiently, was to prevent my removing the children from the

country without my husband's consent. When I enquired if my husband could add the children to his passport and remove them from the country without my consent, the answer was, of course, that he could, being their legal guardian which I was not.

When asked for the letter of consent, my husband shared my indignation at this indication that the struggle for women's equality in this country is by no means ended.—Yours, etc.,
London, E.4 PATRICIA HORNER

Greek Proper Names

Sir,—I wish Mr. L. A. Jennings success in calling for the correct pronunciation of Greek proper nouns like Theseus. But he is not, of course, quite accurate in saying that all Greek proper nouns with a like termination are pronounced in the same way. In some, which represent a different spelling in the Greek, the two vowels are pronounced separately. Thus the name of the river-god, Alpheus, is trisyllabic; and makes a decasyllable of Milton's line

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past ...
Peneus and Spercheus are other trisyllabic river-names. In these words the 'e' should be strongly stressed.—Yours, etc.,
Biggin Hill

A. E. WATTS

The International Red Cross

Sir,—In the interesting review of Dr. Marcel Junod's book *Warrior without Weapons* which appeared in your issue of March 1, I noticed that your reviewer referred to the 'International Red Cross Society'. May I be allowed to correct this somewhat misleading title? The following outline of the general set-up of the International Red Cross may be of some interest to your readers. The International Red Cross comprises:

- The International Committee of the Red Cross, whose seat is in Geneva and which is always composed of up to 25 Swiss citizens. Its main functions are to promote the adherence of States to the Geneva Conventions, to afford recognition to new national Societies, to create international agencies in war time for the relief of victims of war (especially prisoners of war) and to maintain the fundamental Red Cross principles.
- The League of Red Cross Societies, founded in 1919, which is the federation of national Red Cross Societies linked together within the League for the purpose of co-operation and mutual assistance in peace.
- The national Red Cross Societies themselves.

The supreme deliberative authority of the International Red Cross is the International Red Cross Conference, which meets every four years and which is attended by delegates of the national Red Cross Societies, the League of Red Cross Societies, the International Committee of the Red Cross and the representatives of Governments who are signatories to the Geneva Convention for protection of the sick and wounded in war.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1

EVELYN BARK

International Relations Advisory
British Red Cross Society

Speaking on testing new potatoes in 'Home Grown' Robert Scarlett pointed out that one-fifth of the whole potato crop is used as 'chips'. Tested as a potential 'chip' Golden Wonder proved to be the best variety. Other varieties recommended for 'chip' making were Sharpe's Express, Majestic, Kerr's Pink and Orion. F. H. Streeter in the same programme expressed the wish that more people would grow globe artichokes as they are ornamental as well as useful. One of the first crops that should be put into their permanent positions now, he added, are winter or autumn-sown onions. Red Wethersfield is recommended. Turnips should be grown on a hard bottom and sown in finely sifted potting soil with some wood ash. Recommended varieties are Early Snowball, Red Milan, White Milan and Orange Jelly.

The Legacy of the 'Twenties

NOEL ANNAN closes the series of talks on 'The 'Twenties'

ON New Year's Day 1920 I had just recovered from the excitement of my birthday party a week before. I was three years old. One can preserve at that age a certain spirit of detachment. And I am therefore detached from the 'twenties in the sense that the other speakers in this series of talks about the 'twenties are not. Not from my lips will you hear an intimate description of Pudovkin wrestling with the problems of montage during the making of 'The End of St. Petersburg': nor can I tell you the precise nature of the relationship which existed between X and Y during the autumn months of 1927. Yet, though I am detached, I do not feel very detached. And this is because I inherited as an adolescent a large legacy from the 'twenties—a legacy which is not yet entirely spent.

New Liberalism in the Schools

I came into the first instalment of this inheritance at school. English schools were under attack. I shudder to think how many bad autobiographical protests, depicting the intellectual sensitive rebel suffering at the hands of his philistine schoolfellows, were published between the two wars. Yet they did some good. Gradually a new spirit of liberalism descended upon the schools; and from this I benefited. I benefited from a new generation of schoolmasters. There were, thank goodness, some older men who drummed Latin grammar and dates and Euclid's theorems into my head, for which I am really grateful. But there were also a number of younger men, fresh from the universities in the 'twenties. For what complicated reasons, financial or personal, they went into the teaching profession I do not know—nor whether they intended to remain in it. Most of them did not. But, while there, they were from the schoolboy's point of view delightfully batty. The science master played Stravinsky on the gramophone and wrote the thematic material for us to follow on the walls of his room. The English master turned English poetry upside down. Out of the window went the Romantics and we plunged into the Jacobean dramatists, and wrestled with the metaphysical poets and Hopkins.

Much of it was pure gaiety and fun, but there was also discipline—the discipline that lessons ought to have, the discipline which forces the mind to solve problems. Construing Donne or T. S. Eliot is less difficult than construing Horace, but it is quite hard: and it is a good deal more profitable than construing Livy. And then we were reading Lawrence and the latest Aldous Huxley and experimental plays such as Capek's 'R.U.R.' and heaven knows what else. Art was very much alive: a plate of oysters was continually being set before us and we prised open the shells and swallowed the contents in a hurry. The meal was often too rich to be digested, but at any rate someone was feeding our minds in a way which sharpened our appetite. The artistic revolution of the 'twenties made the literature of the past step out of the textbooks, and the new criticism made us look at it in a new way. Is it the same with schoolboys today? Or do they live off an intellectual fare much like their school meals, solid but stale, wholesome but unexciting? Who is there who is not merely a contemporary artist but makes one think or feel in a new way as our heroes made us? I can think only of Benjamin Britten and, in a different sense, Lucian Freud.

We swallowed books—novels, poetry, essays—because they seemed to be a short cut to life. 'What', said Dr. Johnson, 'should books teach but a knowledge of life?' Well, here were a variety of sensations, situations, characters, arguments, and through them we lived by proxy. Now, there is no short-cut to a knowledge of life—you have to live it. But young people will always search for such a short-cut, if only because their elders appear to be so incompetent in the art of living, and they are so willing to instruct them. When the ferment of all this reading and talking subsided, a spirit of tolerance towards people of one's own age floated to the top. E. M. Forster suggested to us that the kind of moral judgments which were usually passed upon people were stupid and insensitive—you had to go far deeper into the personality. With D. H. Lawrence you went deeper still and some of us were never quite sure where you came out. But our reading of novels taught us that there were many odd people in the world and that we

were probably as odd and that—if you care of course to be cynical about these feelings—it was more go-ahead to understand them than to condemn them. We learnt to be wary about condemning other people's conduct; biblical texts did not, as I remember, rise readily to the mind, but had they done so, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her' would have been our text. When so many bewilderingly different and novel views of life had been set before us by the 'twenties, how were poor we to know which of them was right? The generalisation is commonly made that the young men of the 'thirties turned to politics, spent their leisure hours at 'demos', protesting for peace or for the right kind of war and were all devotees of Marx. They weren't. The legacy left by the 'twenties made some of us feel that people could not be divided on political grounds into the damned and the saved.

The 'twenties reaffirmed the romantic principle of diversity. The eighteenth-century metaphysicians broadly accepted a universe which was ordered rationally in accordance with a few simple laws. The world was held together because it was internally determined by necessary truths and bound in a fixed relationship to a transcendental god of design. And all creatures aspired towards this ideal of perfection. The Romantics denied this view of perfection. For them perfection resided in the essential difference between all the species, and the world was enriched by these differences. Even untruth was a valuable addition: some poet's dream might be an illusion, but this world was richer by that illusion. The unique work of imagination and the unique individual were more valuable than any rational whole. Interpreted in personal terms, the legacy of the 'twenties, which we are still happily, I think, enjoying today, was a far greater tolerance of odd people with odd ideas and odder habits; and, in terms of art, a delight in novelty for its own sake, a determination to judge each work on its own ground and not to relate it to a universal principle. What had the artist tried to do, and had he succeeded? If he had, we should call his work good, however slight and extraordinary it might be. Of course, there were theories of value, such as that of Roger Fry. But ultimately the criterion was neither aesthetic nor moral, but personal. The critic said, 'I am a man who has spent his life in reading the best in many literatures or looking at many pictures, and I invite you to acknowledge my wisdom and my trained taste and to share my conclusions. Further we cannot go'. This was the dominant view and it has descended as a legacy to us in the palpable corporeal shape of the literary and artistic editors of the periodicals and magazines. Read the *Observer* or *Sunday Times* or *New Statesman* or *Times Literary Supplement* or a dozen others and you will see that the youth of the 'twenties have entered like young lords into their estates and that this attitude to art still today prevails.

Individual Judgments

But there was also in the 'twenties a voice protesting against this attitude, a voice which gained in strength, the voice of T. S. Eliot. Four years before E. M. Forster published *Aspects of the Novel*—the classic statement of Bloomsbury 'twenties criticism—Eliot published *The Sacred Wood*. In that book he pilloried the critics who praised diversity as pseudo-critics. To be sure there was not one kind of good poetry, but many: but this did not mean that toleration was to be our guide. On the contrary, a very strenuous effort should be made to erect a citadel of values against which personal impressions could be set. Everything, in fact, depended on making distinctions and unless writers were to be placed in relation to each other, criticism simply remained a chaos of individual judgments. Eliot set up as his standard of values Catholicism. His followers by no means all accepted this. And Dr. Leavis, in particular, has laid down a far stricter and more comprehensive method of placing authors in a hierarchy of merit. The 'twenties, then, have bequeathed a critical controversy to their descendants—a controversy which still rages today. In this respect Eliot was opposed to the prevailing view of the 'twenties; and the controversy, as you can see, has far wider implications than those of literary criticism. It poses the

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questions: what should be our ideal of behaviour and how are we to establish it?

The 'twenties invested in intellectuals and the investment is now paying full dividends. In 1842 an old man over ninety said that during his long life he had seen no change to equal that in the manners and habits of the clergy. In 1942, Shaw might well have said the same about the status of the intellectual. A large part of the public which fifty years ago put their trust in, and took their opinions from, financiers and captains of industry now respects the view of sociologists, economists and the new cultural bureaucracy of the B.B.C., British Council and Arts Council—or even listens to the Brains Trust. Conversely, the status of the businessman has fallen, partly as a result of the constant war which the 'twenties waged against the ideal of money-making. Money-making was held to be sordid and to produce such vicious morals in those who indulged in it as to render them almost unfit for decent society. Of course, the profit motive was under fire from many quarters, from the growing body of socialists, from the champions of the unemployed and from artists such as Ezra Pound and D. H. Lawrence. I will not discuss here the effects, both good and bad, of this shift in emphasis in social esteem—particularly upon our society in its present economic plight. Nor am I going to expose the claptrap that was written about how disgraceful it was to live in an 'acquisitive age'—as if every age were not always acquisitive and money-making, or its equivalent, a perfectly natural phenomenon. What I am going to do is to examine the political consequences of this belief in the intellectual.

Politics as Sociology

The 'twenties set against the ideal of money-making the ideal of the leisured connoisseur living for pleasure. This did not last long. Hitler upset it almost at once; and some of the young men of the 'twenties, such as Aldous Huxley, display a morbid guilt for ever having entertained such a notion, and take to misanthropy or cosmic despair or return to religion as an expiation. But this was only the more popular form of expression. Beneath the surface of Bloomsbury and the artistic renaissance was something which has its roots in utilitarianism and Fabianism, but began quietly to seed at a rapid rate in the 'twenties and today is perhaps the most evident part of the legacy bequeathed to us. It is the treatment of politics as sociology. What it implies is this: politics can be treated more or less scientifically. If you find that society suffers from a disease—for instance, crime—you can by making an empirical examination find the causes and hence the remedies for crime. Instead of arguing about the merits of deterrent, retributive and reformatory theories of punishment, you ought to examine criminals, their home background, how they drifted into crime, how prior conditions affect them, their psychology, the machinery of justice, etc.—and you will then find the solution to this problem.

Not only problems of social pathology can be handled in this way, but also economic problems. Keynes brought the economist into public affairs; the economist was no longer to be a remote sage in a university measuring curves to show how, if all things were equal, wages, profits and rent in the long run would rise to their highest level. 'In the long run', said Keynes, 'we are all dead': and under his influence economists appeared ready to propound half-a-dozen alternative solutions to any given problem. Similarly, the psychologists elaborating intelligence tests, the statisticians perfecting methods of sampling, and the anthropologists examining incentives to work, all began to play a role in political life. More far-reaching than the belief of the 'twenties in the value of personal relations, was their belief that by scientific enquiry man can solve the problems of social maladjustment. In a sense, this is an extension of the old eighteenth-century idea of the perfectibility of man. But in this century there was not so much faith in a blueprint or in a principle, such as utility, as faith in a method—the method which Karl Popper has called 'social engineering'. It is the faith that administrative techniques can solve political problems by putting into effect the sensible solution instead of compromising between the prejudices of the various interested parties.

This faith has done much to humanise our society—to reform our penal code, to improve housing, spread education and to produce many results of immediate practical importance. It is behind most reforming movements and is the framework on which rest the welfare state, dirigisme, and new or fair deals. It is a good faith—so long as you have seen through it and do not expect too much from it. For politics is something more than a series of solutions to problems. It is the art of governing men and women cleverly, and by cleverly I mean under-

standing what they are like. Cleverness is not a quality we associate with our foreign policy since 1918. And the fault, I think, lay in the fact that the 'twenties set their hopes too high. They thought the problem of war could be solved simply by repeating Bentham's phrase that 'nations are associates, not rivals, in the grand social enterprise'. To wish that this should be so is laudable, but you must not imagine that wishing makes it so.

Today too many people still hope to solve the problem of communism. There is no solution—you can only hope in peace time to thwart it and preserve your own standard of living and independence by manoeuvring adeptly. It is no use hoping that by repeating that old 'twenties' word 'aggression' you have solved anything. Many of the problems facing us cannot be solved and to persuade people that they can may be fatal in that when they discover they cannot be solved, they lose heart. Marx, for instance, quite falsely suggested that you can solve the problem of internal discord in society (which is eternal) by establishing, through revolution, a classless society. Both he and Keynes, in a moment of rhetoric, talked of a time when economic problems would be solved: they never can be.

Solving problems in fact creates new ones. Moreover, some problems can be solved only by solving every other problem at the same time. To find out (as a working party recently tried to do) what the correct number of nurses is, involves, as Mr. Harrold recently pointed out, determining how the whole female labour force ought to be deployed—~~even~~, presumably, how many women ought to be married. Moreover, the problem-solution approach depersonalises politics. Talking in terms of mobility of man-power inevitably leads to forgetting the human problems of men and women shifting their homes and jobs, and also how they are to be persuaded to do so. In fact, it leaves off where the real problem of politics begins. Its bias is to treat people as fundamentally good and reasonable—a bias I like, for if people are treated in this way, there is a chance that they will respond. But, again, this faith needs to be tempered with the common sense which knows that people and governments are a mixture of good and bad, sensible and stupid; and are, in fact, rather wisely sceptical that the medicine prescribed for them must always be the right medicine.

The hope of the 'twenties that education and scientific treatment of social problems would cure national and international disease was starry-eyed. But the cure for this is not to be less, but more clever, more sanguine, more—in the best sense—disillusioned in our approach to politics. This is not to despair of these methods of improving society in which I as an unrepentant schoolboy taught by the 'twenties still put my trust; disillusion, I believe, is the antidote to despair. The people who despair today most readily are, alas; some of the brightest of the bright young people of the 'twenties who now, as middle-aged misanthropes, sigh for their past, the death-wish in every line of their prose—this is a very bad legacy and one which the young men of the 'fifties appear very properly to think . . . silly.—*Third Programme*

Time Passes

The ilex leans
Its tender caress
To the white face
Of the house
And the cypress
Throws the bar
Of the long shadow
Across the road
To touch the door.

They have all gone
And in the emptiness
Of things and nature
Still trails the laughter.
Time passes
And still it rings
In the shaded rooms
It flies with the pigeons
On the roofs
Hovering over the changing
Colours of the seasons.

R. L. MITCHELL

The Matter-of-fact Novelist

BONAMY DOBRÉE on Daniel Defoe

THE odd thing about Defoe's poetic imagination is that it hardly at all came into play when he wrote what he was pleased to call poetry. His verse, as is abundantly plain from 'The True-born Englishman', that admirable and enormously effective political tract, has, to be sure, some of the qualities of poetry. Not essential qualities, but those it can use when it wants to—speed, precision, the heightened awareness imparted by a more compelling rhythm than is bearable in prose. Not that all Defoe's verse is like that; sometimes it drones insufferably along; it is only when he is writing political controversy, sharpened by satire, that his verse carries those qualities. But, however good he may be in that particular field, his poems never, I think, display what we most prize in poetry—that is the working of the creative imagination.

I do not want to entangle myself in definitions—imagination, fancy, and so on. What I want to get at, as far as I can, is the way whatever we may call it worked to make Defoe produce the amazing creative things that he did. What I am concerned with, then, is not the verse, but the prose works, beginning with the *Essay on Projects*, which he wrote probably somewhere about 1695, ending with the last of his novels some thirty years after. And it seems to me that the same kind of process went on in his mind and imagination when in the early days he suggested road-making and women's colleges, as when he created *Robinson Crusoe* or wrote the *Journal of the Plague Year*. His was not the sort of creative imagination concerned to invent new forms or new relations, as, say, we meet in the poetry of Shelley or in the novels of Dostoevsky—but the sort which works intently, intensely, on the concrete fact, making it so alive and so vivid that it almost re-creates it as a new thing.

And the more that is discovered about Defoe, the more it seems that his imagination always needed the concrete fact to work on. His fiction all directly derived from fact—that is why it is so difficult with him to disentangle fact from fiction. With him, we feel, the primary imagination, as Coleridge called it, 'the living power and prime agent of all human perception' through which we create from our sense-impressions, was so lively that it was like a magnifying glass which enabled him to make the dim vivid. And from there the constructive imagination in him was so burning that it fused fiction and fact together, so that in the end he himself did not know which was which. But it all arose from the concrete object, from his keeping his eye—and ours—so fixedly on the object that it acquires a new significance.

Virginia Woolf made this point with her usual brilliant clarity when talking about *Robinson Crusoe*. She suggests that when you are going to read about a desert island you would expect to meet romantic scenery, with a man in the middle of it brooding upon solitude. But it is not at all like that with Defoe. 'We read', she says, 'and we are rudely contradicted on every page. There are no sunsets and no sunrises, no solitude and no soul. There is, on the contrary, staring you in the face, nothing but a large earthenware pot'. That is a periphrastic way of putting it, but it is true that Defoe always starts with something matter of fact, and continually brings you back to matter of fact; that is why no one yet has improved on him for sheer verisimilitude. If he does, as you think, imagine a scene, he seems forced to bring in

a quite irrelevant fact, not to prove that he is not lying, but because he could not see the other things without it. Let me give one example from *Roxana*, when the fortunate mistress goes to see the royal guard march into Paris because she hears that her first husband is among them. Here is how she describes her experience:

... As they marched very leisurely, I had time to take as critical a view, and make as nice a search among them, as I pleased. Here, in a particular rank, eminent for one monstrous-sized man on the right, I say, I saw my gentleman again, and a very handsome jolly fellow he was as any in the troop, though not so monstrous large as the great one I speak of, who, it seems, was however, a gentleman of good family in Gascoigne, and was called the giant of Gascoigne.

Now this giant has nothing to do with the story; he is never mentioned again. What is he doing there? The result is magnificent: we are now sure that *Roxana* really was in Paris, and really did go and look for her man among the marching troops. But we begin to wonder what made Defoe put the giant there. Was it invention? Memory? Luck? What seems likely is that on some occasion when Defoe had seen troops marching, he had noticed a very big man at the end of a rank. So when, as *Roxana*, he went to see the soldiers coming in his actual experience simply flashed back through him, and he wrote what he saw. Or someone might have told him of seeing such a thing, and he himself may have known a gigantic Gascon. For as far as one can gather, when Defoe created, he collected together a lot of facts from all kinds of sources. Then he thought about them so intently and even heard everything so vividly, that he actually experienced the occasion.

Robinson Crusoe is typical. As far as facts go, it is ingeniously made up from a number of travel books, the main source being Woodes Roger's *Voyages* which describes the finding of Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez. Defoe went to see Selkirk, and get what he could from him. But a number of details come from other travel books, those of Dampier and earlier writers, and especially from Robert Knox's account of Ceylon; and there are others. From these he took such details as how to capture and deal with goats, and the manufacture and use of umbrellas by castaways, and a hundred others. The book is not so much invented as compiled from a number of reports. And the same is true of *Captain Singleton*. Defoe is a great inventive genius because he could live himself into what we might call blue-book facts. His imagination seems made up first of all of a vivid realisation of actuality. This was nourished by an amazing capacity of observation, upon which worked an immense interest in every kind of detail. In a sense he is the supreme journalist of all time, missing nothing, interested in everything, being, one would say, the thing or person he describes.

There is a passage in *Colonel Jack* to which Professor James Sutherland has drawn attention, where the hero gives supper to a handsome young widow. Among good things to eat such as partridges and stewed oysters, there was a ham; the ham 'was almost quite cut down, but we eat none of it, for the other was fully enough for us both, and the maid made her supper of the oysters we had left, which were enough'. The result of being told those details is, naturally, an amazing sense of verisimilitude, but I do not believe that is why Defoe put the details



Daniel Defoe, engraved by Van der Gucht, and printed as the frontispiece to *Jure Divino* (1706)

in. He was living the scene, being Colonel Jack, perhaps the widow too. If there is supper, one must know what there is to eat: and here Defoe visualises, not probably, one thinks, some imagined supper, but one he had actually had some time, with the rather tired hambone. And if you cannot eat all the oysters, what happens to them? An alert man, especially a man of business, ought to know. So Defoe tells us.

What happens to men, what happens to things, how do men deal with things? Those are the questions that Defoe is always asking. But his interest from the very beginning was a practical interest—that of a man of business, the son of a butcher, a wholesale clothier who, as far as can be gathered, had given up the idea of being a dissenting minister so as to devote himself to trade. Almost his first book is the *Essay on Projects*, almost his last are *The Complete English Tradesman* and *A Plan of the English Commerce*. And in 1728 another trade book, *Augusta Triumphans*. What we call his imaginative work, his novels, was all written between 1719 and 1724, between the ages of fifty-nine and sixty-three.

Identification with Imaginary Characters

What I find so curious is that in what we call Defoe's imaginative work exactly the same kind of thing went on as in his trade journals, or in his practical suggestions. They all issued from the same imaginative process, putting yourself into any human situation, feeling what it was like to be such a person in such a place, whether a mentally deficient person in a society which let you rot—as in the *Essay on Projects* where he recommended proper lunatic asylums—or a stranded mariner alone on a remote island, or a mute, as with Dickory Cronke, or a very practical and not too moral woman like that immortal and lovable old sinner Moll Flanders. It is all the same sort of thing as how you sell cloth, or whether it would not be better to put prisoners on to road-making, rather than leave them uselessly in gaol. It is a question of the imagination being so vivid as to become identification with the person imagined, whether tradesman, thief, fortunate or unfortunate mistress, mariner or even ghostly visitant, as was shown in that little gem of creatively imaginative reporting, a fairly early piece, the story of Mrs. Veal, the day after her death, appearing to a friend of hers, at Canterbury.

Defoe was always interested in apparitions, as his book on them shows; for he had an occult side, and here was a reported fact he could make live. And he made it live because he imagined the fact as correctly as possible. What is it like to be a ghost? What can you do? What can't you do? Just as he was to ask what is it like to be on a desert island? What can you do? What can't you do? Well, a ghost can talk, but cannot handle matter. It can appear to the sight, but is not manifest to the touch. So when Mrs. Veal wanted to read something, it was her friend Mrs. Bargrave who held the book. And it was only because Mrs. Bargrave never actually touched her friend that she could believe her to be real. When she asked to kiss her, 'Mrs. Veal complied with [the request] till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said "I am not very well", and so waived it'. We do not know how much Defoe was told this, or how much he invented; and it does not enormously matter. He put it all with so much certainty that we know that he was identifying himself with either or both of the persons in the story. It is so effective because the supernatural is treated on exactly the same level as the material commonplace.

And this is really where Defoe shows his poetic quality. He had in a supreme degree one of the faculties Wordsworth gives the poet, namely, 'to bring his feelings near to those of the person he describes, nay, for short spaces of time, perhaps, lets himself slip into an entire delusion, and even confound and identify his own feelings with theirs'. Defoe could slip into this state, not for short spaces of time, but for long ones. This, surely, is the creative imagination working on actuality raised to its highest pitch; he seems to transfer himself entirely into his own creatures, which was disastrous enough for him when he projected himself into the soul of a high-church partisan and wrote what he believed to be the ironical *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*. To us the irony seems obvious. But in his own day it was too much like the authentic voice of the extreme Tory, and it was his ruin. He could not detach himself from the person he was representing. For the moment he was that person. And it was just this something missing in him, this something coldly critical which at the moment of creation is inimical to the imagination, which made him the kind of great artist that he was.

And, as I said, the more Defoe is investigated, the more we can

relate what appears to be invention to some sort of actual experience or documentation. But it is not only that; no creative writing is so simple, there was the imagination to enter into the actuality of the fact. If Defoe was a moralist, he was also an artist, and a queer case who suffered from persecution mania; moreover he heard 'voices'. Here it was the factual aural imagination which was so intense as to give the illusion of actuality. For example, in the third part of *Robinson Crusoe*, which is semi-autobiographical, we learn how when he was in trouble in 1715 (again his irony had been too life-like), a voice kept on repeating to him 'Write to the judge'—which he did. So when the Devil himself incites Moll Flanders to theft, and she says, 'Twas like a voice spoke to me over my shoulder, "Take the bundle; be quick; do it this moment"', we realise that Defoe is using what to him seemed a fact. The occult was real to him.

For me *Moll Flanders* is one of the supreme triumphs of creative fiction; but I suppose one has to agree that *Robinson Crusoe* is really greater, because more universal—universal because it is the symbol of man's loneliness, of his isolation. But then Defoe felt he himself was isolated, by his religion, his imprisonment, his bankruptcy, his political middle-wayness, at a time when no one could be middle-way. Here too, for him, the imagination was the fact. But now look at Robinson Crusoe, the man. He is the dissenter and the tradesman. All his actions, all his thoughts, express either one or the other, or the conflict between them. When I say he is the tradesman, I mean he is always the practical man, taking stock, balancing his accounts, saving his resources. A great deal, as we know, Defoe got from various accounts, but only in bare outline in the main. It was his practical imagination, going step by step over every physical action—in, say, contriving pots or his umbrella—that makes the thing creative. That is what interests Defoe the tradesman. Then the God-fearing dissenter emerges, and offers up thanks to God, giving another dimension to the imaginative creation, but all the same a dimension very much within Defoe's actual practical experience.

That sort of creation coming from vivid imagination of the thing or event is not unique; Swift had much the same sort of imagination; think of the detail of how Gulliver in Lilliput managed for clothes and food: and Swift, too, got an enormous amount of his material from travel books. But all the same it is an unusual kind of imagination, as we realise the moment we think of other fictions. As a complete contrast you get in the same century such things as Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, or even, for that matter, practical Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*. The material those two worked on was quite different. Walpole worked with what we might call the fancy—even the subconscious—the main idea came to him in a dream. Johnson worked with what went on in people's reasoning minds when philosophising about life. Or take again the novelist next in time to Defoe, namely Richardson. What Richardson's imagination worked on in *Pamela* was the moral emotions: what you are concerned with is people's actions with respect to each other, their emotions as regards themselves, leading to the personal relation—matters one might say almost completely absent from Defoe's fiction. You cannot apply accountancy to such things.

'Superb Vigour'

But, of course, he had one kind of imagination—the verbal; and it is this, combined with his superb vigour when he is excited, that make such poems as 'The True-born Englishman' still good fun if nothing else, and his prose so gloriously readable. The poem abounds in good phrases, good rhetorical phrases in the rather crude sense. But the material of which the poem is made is purely factual, and the elements are totted up to make the sum—and make it come right. Take—

The Romans first with Julius Caesar came
Including all the nations of that name,
Gauls, Greek, and Lombards; and by computation,
Auxiliaries or slaves of ev'ry nation.

And it works up to a magnificently rhythmised catalogue:

Dutch Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen and Scots,
Vaudois, and Valtolins, and Hugonots . . .

and so on.

The effect in his day was devastating. You could not escape this fact. It is true that his way of working produced hardly any poetry, if a good deal of fine ringing verse. But in his fiction, this concrete imagination produced works of very high art: concentration on the material thing brought about a stereoscopic effect, even a different perspective, which is still refreshing because it is creative.

—Third Programme

Art

The Fauve Painters

By DOUGLAS COOPER

FAUVISM, the 'fauve' painters: what is meant by these words? The painters themselves do not know, for they neither coined nor popularised the expression. It was first used at the Salon des Indépendants of 1906 by a Parisian critic who exclaimed: *Donatello parmi les fauves* (Donatello among the wild beasts) on seeing a sculptured group of little cherubs by Albert Marque standing in the middle of a gallery hung with violently coloured paintings by some young artists, including Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Manguin and Marquet. And the designation has stuck. Yet the so-called 'fauve' painters were never an organised group, and Fauvism was not a consistent style of painting. But for a brief period (1898-1908) the use of bright, pure colours characterised the work of several painters, and so, despite the lack of stylistic unity, it is permissible to talk of a 'fauve' movement. But what was this movement and why did all the artists concerned, with the exception of Matisse, suddenly abandon this highly coloured art? The answer, I think, is that they could not master the problems of liberated colour and their work was becoming repetitive.

Fauvism perished of an internal conflict, and this conflict was rooted in the personalities of the three leading painters—Matisse (b. 1869), Vlaminck (b. 1876) and Derain (b. 1880). Matisse, who was considerably older, more intelligent, and more cultivated than his friends, had studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, copied the old masters in the Louvre and gradually evolved a personal idiom. Vlaminck, on the other hand, was coarse, impetuous, entirely untrained, and painted as a hobby in between bicycle racing or playing the violin in *cafés*. He has been aptly styled 'Battling Vlaminck' by George Duthuit in a recent volume.* Derain was fiercer but less brilliant than Matisse, though cleverer, suaver and less impulsive than Vlaminck. Now Matisse began as a painter of light, influenced first by Impressionism, then by Signac and Cross from whom he learnt, as early as 1897, the principles of divisionism and the luminous properties of pure colour. But about the same time he discovered, by looking at the works of other painters, that pure colour could also be put to other uses—symbolical and emotive (Gauguin and Van Gogh), structural (Cézanne) and decorative (Byzantine and Moslem art). And a study of Matisse's art between 1900 and 1908 shows him experimenting with each of these possibilities, seeking a coherent synthesis and finally being forced to adopt an artificial solution. For love of colour Matisse had to sacrifice nature and life as well as the painting of light. So his Fauvism, which began as a last flare-up of Impressionism, ended as a prelude to Kandinsky's colour rhapsodies. Nature and life were forced to submit to the spirit of the painting as it evolved. 'A work', wrote Matisse, 'must carry its whole meaning in itself and impose it on the spectator before he even knows its subject'. Colours, lines and even composition, all simplified to the extreme, became mere equivalents for an experience. Matisse, who is one of the least emotional, least warm-hearted of artists, was prepared to make these sacrifices, and despite his limited means his performance has been brilliant. Luckily for Matisse, however, both Byzantine art and Gauguin had left their mark on him, and he believed that primarily a picture has

a hedonistic purpose and must be 'devoid of troubling or depressing subject-matter'.

Derain and Vlaminck were passionate men with a strong feeling for the forces of nature and life. Van Gogh was their god among painters, and it is appropriate that Derain should have first introduced Vlaminck to Matisse at a Van Gogh exhibition in Paris in 1901. Vlaminck was the victim of '*une rage de recréer un monde nouveau, le monde que mes yeux voyaient, un monde pour moi seul*'. The truth which he

wanted to express was human, not artistic, and he was determined that it should not be ignored. So he used strident colours, applied pure from the tube, and boldly distorted forms and proportions in order to communicate his exacerbated feelings. Vlaminck in other words was by nature an expressionist. He lacked Van Gogh's application and lyrical intensity, yet his work when abandoned had an authentic ring. Now Vlaminck was not originally a painter of light, knew nothing of the laws of complementaries and was not concerned with qualities of decoration. But what he learnt from Derain and Matisse was his undoing, because he lacked both the intelligence and the refined sensibility to put it to creative use. Contrast an impressive work such as 'The Picnic' (1905) with the genteel sub-Gauguin 'Flowers in a Vase' (c. 1907) and the



'Bridge at Chatou' (1904), by André Derain. From a private collection in Paris

degree of his collapse becomes apparent.

Derain began to paint under the influence of Vlaminck, using pure colours to obtain the same dynamic vitality, though in a more controlled technique, because Derain was concerned with the painting of light. Then in 1905, while staying at Collioure with Matisse, Derain fell for his friend's hedonistic and decorative conception. Suddenly his style simplified and lightened, and in 1905-6 he reached the climax of his early years in a series of brilliantly luminous, decorative and lyrical views of London. Three outstanding examples of this period of his work are at present on view at Messrs. Roland, Browse and Delbanco, where an exhibition called 'The Fauve Painters' has just opened. However, Derain, who was desperately in search of a style, soon found that this idiom could not be developed. For colour used in a decorative pattern must be flat, whereas colour used to create a feeling of space and as an equivalent for light cannot be. But Derain was not prepared to follow Matisse to the end, and in 1907 reacted against decoration and returned to mankind, allying himself then with Picasso. The other painters influenced by Fauvism—Puy, Friesz, Dufy, Manguin, Van Dongen, Marquet—were pale reflections of the leaders. Too timid to be whole-hearted 'fauves', they merely used vivacious colours for the sake of gaiety. Only Braque made a fauve idiom of his own.

The present exhibition contains some six important paintings, but it gives no real measure of 'fauve' painting. Perhaps it could not, but it is a serious fault when the greatest artist of all, Matisse, is only represented by a single canvas—a pathetic and sketchy flower-piece. Furthermore Braque, Marquet and Van Dongen are only weakly represented, while Puy and Manguin are omitted. Yet this exhibition should not be missed by anyone interested in modern painting, for it is highly instructive despite its gaps.

* G. Duthuit, *Les Fauves* (Geneva, 1949)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The American Genius. An Anthology edited by Edith Sitwell.

Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

THE ANTHOLOGIST MUST above all know his own mind, and whatever we may think of it Dr. Sitwell certainly knows hers. Instead of flitting feebly from abstraction to abstraction, from 'school' to 'school', in the customary manner, she has written her preface straight forward, through poetry. She has not chosen the 'representative', or admired, or influential, or historical, or the commodious. She has chosen poetry. We are even left asking for dates, and especially for the interval of time that separates 'The Witch of Coös' and 'Sweeney Agonistes'. And she has no narrow criterion. Here is Poe inventing the foxtrot; and there is Whitman showing himself, under Dr. Sitwell's guidance, an artist of forgotten or unknown dimension. So we return to the true use of anthologies: to expose a neglected writer, or a famous or fusty name, to daylight.

To what virtues of the American genius are we drawn? Not, first of all, to the obvious. Inserting a pin into Whitman 'effusing egotism', Whitman the democratic balloon, we discover the hard and precious particle of the mystic in him; and this is to use the word 'mystic' in an exact sense. There is the same kind of substance in Melville, when he sees his first albatross, when he longs to penetrate to the very essence of *whiteness*, as Whitman longed to 'absorb and translate' what he saw. This is hidden in America: but everywhere there is that refreshing openness of address which we meet in poets as separate as Whitman and Pound. Sometimes associated, sometimes distinct, is a sheer delight in utterance, sustaining and expanding a line, transforming familiar turns of speech to a new pattern:

The earth expanding right hand and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in its best light,
The music falling in where it is wanted, and
stopping where it is not wanted . . .

The author of this would seem elsewhere completely opposed to T. S. Eliot; but they are two who begin, and even for a moment end, in the same language. It is a language that has been tempered and sharpened by the technical brilliance of our own century; in poetry, in the rhythms of Robert Frost, the metric of Marianne Moore, and occasionally the diction of Hart Crane.

But the great surprise of this anthology is to come upon a real new poet for the first time: and the present reviewer, perhaps in company with others, must confess, with grief and then with joy, that he had missed two real new poets. Mr. Kenneth Patchen's is the kind of poetry for which one dreams that all the more fruitless American experiment is only a preparation. It comes alive in its very first, or its least obtrusive, line; as if it could not help being written, and could not help being poetry. Which probably means that Mr. Patchen has worked, or has been prepared to work, very, very hard indeed. Mr. Theodore Koethke is a poet of astonishing perception, with a most rare power in imagining experience of childhood; capable of the directness of the cinema, and also of hallucinatory depth. What he *sees* is sufficient. While we are reading him, we ask for no more.

There are eccentricities in this anthology, as in any anthology that is a fresh gathering. Mr. Charles Henri Ford, and even Mr. José García Villa, seem not quite so good as Dr. Sitwell tries to make out; Miss Moore's 'Octopus' does not really carry its parade of notes; and Mr.

Robert Lowell is inadequately presented. But a few fine little verses by Mr. E. E. Cummings have been found; and not the only reason for buying this book is a reprinting of the glorious and by Dr. Sitwell so cunningly admired sea-poetry of Ezra Pound. And this is a first collection only: we are promised more.

The Peabody Sisters of Salem

By Louise Hall Tharp. Harrap. 15s.

It was truly said of Elizabeth Peabody that her life was part of the history of New England. Her ninety years of continuous good works covered more than the period that Van Wyck Brooks taught Americans to call the Flowering; and these Peabodys, although rooted in Salem, were more closely associated with Boston and Concord. Elizabeth was the indomitable spinster. Her two younger sisters made unusual marriages: Sophia with Nathaniel Hawthorne; Mary with Horace Mann, whose initiative in public education was inestimable. Both were shining examples of wifely devotion and were amply repaid. Elizabeth, the pillar of the family, was untiring: teaching and writing, publishing and selling books, creating kindergartens, lecturing. Expression was the mark of the Peabodys. They kept diaries, wrote letters without end, and never destroyed a paper. Elizabeth watched over the others while being always on the move. She knew everybody from Emerson and Longfellow to the Presidents of half-a-century. She was born interfering, yet was welcomed everywhere and had a host of friends. Miss Tharp has worked thoroughly over the records. The result is a delightful book.

Pleasures of London. By M. Willson Disher. Hale. 21s.

London, the Western Reaches

By Godfrey James. Hale. 15s.

If the recently published volume of *Mayhew's London* showed that Hell, indeed, can be a city much like London, Mr. Willson Disher's latest book restores some of the balance. His pleasures are not Paphian but almost exclusively connected with the theatre, and theatrical history can rarely fail to entertain; the mere conjunction of a play, a player and a theatre seems to have the power to stimulate our imaginations pleasurably, and Mr. Disher has the knowledge and enthusiasm to keep us endlessly amused. He writes with something of the jocularity which one associates with the Savage Club, but such a style is appropriate to the subject. His method is to perambulate in the various districts of London, to let the modern setting dissolve into that of the early eighteenth century or of his own youth, to allow his mind to wander in a disciplined freedom in order to re-create for us the atmosphere of pleasure. The method cannot fail to admit a certain sentimentality, for Mr. Disher is obviously a man who has an imaginative love for the pleasures of the past which ignores something of the reality. *Mayhew's Haymarket* and Mr. Disher's are as distant from each other as Heaven and Hell. It is this admirable attitude which allows Mr. Disher to see that the revival of interest in old music-halls, in ballet and in the rebirth of Sadler's Wells may be the beginning of a new world 'altogether unlike the one forecast by gloomy prophets'. One would like to be persuaded he is right.

Mr. Godfrey James' book is not unlike Mr. Disher's, though it is restricted to the western side of London. His interests are more topo-

graphical and he has an excellent memory for the physical changes in the district during the past fifty years. His personal reminiscences are part of the charm of the book; its weakness is in the historical passages which do not seem to have been assimilated from their sources with quite the robust ingenuity of Mr. Disher. But when he has gone to contemporary accounts, such as the first production of 'The Miracle' at the Olympia, his own delight in the subject is infectious.

Publishers, with the Festival of Britain in mind, are bringing out many books on London at the moment; these two, with their many well-chosen illustrations, may be warmly recommended.

Chekhov. By Ronald Hingley.

Allen and Unwin. 21s.

Pushkin. By Henri Troyat. Translation by Randolph T. Weaver.

Gollancz. 21s.

Mr. Ronald Hingley has written an excellent, honest, readable book about Chekhov. It is exactly the book which is needed in this country at the present time. When Chekhov's stories and plays first became known to the English public they were read in the light of what Mr. Hingley calls the Chekhov Legend, the conception of the gentle, suffering, sensitive artist, the embodiment of that Russian Soul of which we heard so much at one time, and which was described with such attractive eloquence by Lev Shestov and others. The Russian Soul, as we used to know it, has now gone out of fashion. Soviet critics like K. Chukovsky enjoy tramping on the old myth and presenting to their readers a Chekhov of immense energy and vitality with a 'positive, dynamic, inexhaustibly active nature'—almost a Russian Kipling.

The great merits of Mr. Hingley's book are its sound sense, its careful, though unpedantic, documentation and its unpretentiousness. In a straightforward easily flowing narrative he tells the story of the child of the small shopkeeper of Taganrog who went to study medicine at Moscow University, started his literary career by writing trifles for cheap comic papers to eke out his slender income, and finally became one of the few great European masters of the short story and the inventor of a new sort of drama which was to affect every theatre in the civilised world. The Chekhov presented by Mr. Hingley is neither the delicate, suffering soul of Shestov nor the strenuous, back-slapping giant of the Soviet critics, but a credible human being, brave, sensitive, sensual, intelligent, and full of endearing inconsistencies, who was alternately attracted and repelled by Tolstoy and his philosophy, who had numerous mistresses, but was essentially a domestic character and liked a quiet, country life, a fine artist with a singularly direct and penetrating vision of humanity, a physician with a social conscience, who astonished his friends by his sudden decision to visit the distant and inaccessible colony of Sakhalin and minister to its unfortunate inhabitants.

Chekhov detested people who talked to him 'of what is artistic and inartistic, of what is dramatic and undramatic, of tendencies and realism and so on'. He would have liked this book, which is refreshingly free from such talk. Mr. Hingley interrupts his narrative several times to describe various aspects of Chekhov's writings, and, though he is not a profound critic, he gives the reader a very clear and

accurate account of the nature of Chekhov's art, wherever possible using his author's own words in well chosen and translated quotations. Not the least of the merits of this study are the excellent print, the remarkably interesting illustrations, including a most revealing photograph of Chekhov with the aged Tolstoy, a good bibliography and very useful chronological list of the stories.

Mr. Randolph T. Weaver's version of Henri Troyat's French monograph on Pushkin is a much less satisfactory performance. Troyat's book, published in two volumes by Albin Michel in Paris in 1946, was at once recognised by all competent critics as the best book on Pushkin which had hitherto appeared in Western Europe. It includes not only a masterly retelling of the story of Pushkin's life but also a vivid picture of contemporary Russia by a scholar with an encyclopaedic knowledge of the subject, who is also a sensitive and penetrating critic of poetry.

It is regrettable that the first translation of this important work to appear in this country should be the American version by Randolph T. Weaver recently published by Pantheon Books in New York. This is not a full translation but an abbreviated and vulgarised version, from which most of the charm and delicacy of the original has disappeared. What remains is a sensational story with plenty of picturesque local colour, written in an American idiom which will sometimes puzzle the English reader. In the prefatory note signed by the author, it is stated that large portions of the original text 'were devoted to a detailed discussion of Pushkin's works' and that 'the American edition has been planned as a one volume biography which necessitated the deletion of these passages'. This means that the reader is being deprived of some of the most interesting parts of Troyat's book. Actually the mutilation goes much further than this note suggests, and the translation throughout is generally banal and clumsy. The quotations from Pushkin's poems which survive the drastic pruning of all passages relating to literature are rendered into singularly flat and wooden English rhyming doggerel by Babette Deutsch, a travesty not only of the melodious Russian originals but also of Troyat's sensitive renderings in French unrhymed verse. Neither the numerous and interesting illustrations nor the valuable bibliography of Albin Michel's edition appear in the English reprint of the American translation.

It is to be hoped that a scholarly English translator may be found to produce a full version of Troyat's admirable work in this country. Until such a version is available, English readers are advised to read their Troyat in the original French.

The Greek Tragic Poets. By D. W. Lucas. Cohen and West. 15s.

This book is designed in the first instance for those 'who want, without learning Greek, to understand something of the Greek contribution to European civilisation'. It begins with a lively and vigorous survey of the historical setting, and after a discussion of the origins of tragedy gives a critical analysis and appreciation of the work of each of the great tragedians. To accomplish all this in two hundred and thirty pages without being trite or superficial is no mean feat, and Mr. Lucas is constantly stimulating as well as informative. He is refreshingly aware of the limitations of the ancient dramatists, ('the characters of Aeschylus are heroes and god-like powers, and the consequence is that the aspects under which we can know them are few'), and is candid in his criticism ('Euripides' Andromache falls feebly and mysteriously to pieces'). His best writing, however, is in more appreciative vein, and he is particularly admirable in his assessment of

Sophocles. Restrictions of space mean inevitably that there is a tendency for him to stop just as he becomes most interesting, and it might have been better to concentrate on the major plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles, as he does with Euripides. Aeschylus' *Suppliants*, for example, is almost unreadable in translation, and is likely to remain so. On the whole, however, the picture is surprisingly comprehensive and undistorted, and the book admirably fulfils its purpose.

Two problems suggest themselves, concerning which Mr. Lucas says little. One is the extraordinary productivity of the ancient tragedians, and the vitality which enabled each of the three masters to produce his greatest work after he had passed his sixty-fifth year. These are all the more surprising since the tragedians lived in an age of war and rapid change, and worked in an art form which was itself evolving and altering. The second problem is that although the Athenians treated their women abominably, it is the women characters which are most memorable in ancient tragedy. It is, of course, true that tragedy is the imaginative recreation in a new art form of the world of the epic, and that the women of the heroic age enjoyed a freedom quite unlike their subjection in the Athens of the classical era. But this hardly explains why *Electra*, *Antigone*, and *Medea* are so much more fully realised and convincing than *Orestes*, *Creon*, and *Jason*. Perhaps Mr. Lucas will give the answers in his second edition.

Wild Flowers of Chalk and Limestone. By J. E. Lousley. Collins. 21s.

Chalk and the limestones harder than chalk and the soils they give rise to, harbour many delicious and characteristic flowers, common, local, rare and often peculiar. Limestone and chalky areas, too, are clean and sweet, and include some of the best scenery in the British Isles. So it was an obvious thing to segregate the lime-dwelling plants in a separate volume of the 'New Naturalist' books; and Mr. Lousley is probably better equipped than any other botanist to write of them. He describes himself too modestly as an amateur, though he is nearly if not quite the most distinguished of field botanists, amateur only in the sense that plants are his recreation and not his livelihood.

He has planned his book simply. First a chapter on limestone soils, their distribution and influence on plants. Then a chapter on the common flowers of chalk, not *in vacuo*, but in one particular and famous place—Box Hill in Surrey. Then, after another Box Hill chapter on the ecology of the chalk, the way is open for a survey of some of the best chalk and limestone areas throughout the British Isles. The book is an essential botanic and scenic guide, enticing the reader to classic centres such as the Avon Gorge, Great Orme's Head (for the cotoneasters among other things), the chalk downs, the clints and the grikes of the Craven district of Yorkshire, or the seaside rock gardens of Burren in County Clare for the Spring Gentian and the Mountain Avenas.

The general floras of Great Britain are out of date by half a century, but there is little about the changes and discoveries which Mr. Lousley does not know, and he gives information which cannot be found in any other popular book. He has too the dramatic sense of the plant hunter and the eye for the good plant, whether blue gromwell on the Mendips, Pasque Flower among ancient quarry tips in Northamptonshire, or a peculiar thistle and a red-flowered bladder campion, both of them Mediterranean species, both common in Malta, and both, no doubt for some naval reason, at home on the Middle Devonian limestone of Plymouth Hoe. The

illustrations of plants (such as Herb Christopher nestling in grey Yorkshire limestone or Ground Pine in Surrey) and of scenery, are most of them admirably seductive; and there is a first-rate bibliography. It is almost pleasant in such a model guide to catch Mr. Lousley out in a minor error here and there. Like other botanists (but not Lloyd Praeger, the Irish botanical king) he will insist on saying the Burren, and not Burren. Irishmen should retaliate by writing of *the Miller's Dale* or *the Dartmoor*.

John Newton. By Bernard Martin. Heinemann. 21s.

The story of the life of John Newton (1725-1807) deserves to be widely known, both because of his remarkable character, and of the light which his career throws on many aspects of eighteenth-century England. Sailor, slaver, parson, author and hymn-writer, Newton had a versatility exceptional even for an age unusually rich in outstanding individuals, and his influence over some of his most prominent contemporaries makes him a man whom no one interested in the eighteenth century can afford to neglect.

The son of a sea-captain, Newton was pressed-ganged into the Royal Navy at the age of nineteen, and after being flogged for deserting, managed to be transferred to the merchant service. He served before the mast in a slave-ship, and then endured a most miserable experience as apprentice to a slave-dealer on the West African coast. During this violent period of his life Newton rejected the religion he had learnt from his Dissenting mother, and became an ardent atheist, noted for his blasphemy even among the hard-bitten Englishmen employed in the slave trade. However, on his voyage home from Africa, in the midst of a violent storm, he experienced the re-birth of a belief in God, and this was the turning point of his life. Nevertheless, like many eighteenth-century Christians, Newton found no difficulty in reconciling his participation in the cruelties of the slave trade with the demands of his religion. At the age of twenty-five, as captain of a Liverpool slave-ship, he did not hesitate to torture some of his victims whom he suspected of planning a rising, but during the same voyage he insisted that his crew should attend the religious observances which he regularly conducted.

At the age of thirty he had an apoplectic fit, and gave up the sea. For nine years he was a Customs official at Liverpool, during which time he gradually became convinced that he was called to the ministry. After hesitating between Dissent and the Establishment, he was eventually ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln, and through the influence of the Evangelical politician, Lord Dartmouth, was made curate of Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Although, considering the circumstances of his life, he had educated himself to a remarkable degree, Newton never pretended to theological learning, and based his preaching and spiritual teaching on his own personal experience of redemption from sin. He had great success and was soon recognised as one of the most prominent of the Evangelical clergy. It was during his time at Olney that Newton became a friend of William Cowper, and wrote with him *The Olney Hymns*, which attained great popularity in England and America, and some of which are deservedly popular today. In 1779 John Thorton, an Evangelical London merchant, secured for Newton the rectory of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City. In London, Newton soon achieved great influence in Evangelical circles, and his advice to William Wilberforce in particular had great effect on the latter's career. When Wilberforce began his campaign against the slave trade Newton gave him every encouragement, and his pamphlet *Thoughts upon the African Slave Trade* attracted much atten-

tion, written as it was by one who had been an active participant in the trade he now attacked.

Mr. Martin has had access to a large number of Newton's private letters, and to the log he kept during his slaving voyages, and by use of

these he has written a book which brings to our notice a most interesting man, and at the same time provides some valuable information on the slave trade and the Evangelical movement. It is a pity that Mr. Martin does not give more in-

formation about the nature and whereabouts of this unpublished material, and he could well have devoted more space to Newton's slaving career, perhaps by sacrificing some of the tedious correspondence between Newton and his wife.

New Novels

The Green Huntsman. By Stendhal. Translated by H. L. R. Edwards. Lehmann. 10s. 6d.

The Trouble of One House. By Brendan Gill. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

A Change of Heart. By Emyr Humphreys. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

The Magician. By F. L. Green. Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.

IT is a pity Stendhal did not keep a diary of his future, as a supplement to the voluminous journals of his ever-present present. One can only guess what entry he might have made for the present occasion, the first appearance in English of the first volume of *Lucien Leuwen*, which is modestly crowned, moreover, with a Book Society bandeau. The title here chosen for the first volume is one of those which Stendhal had in mind for the whole work. I have always been tempted to think that this novel might have been Stendhal's masterpiece. The imperfections of the *Chartreuse* and *Le Rouge et Le Noir* are fixed and frozen. It is not unreasonable to hope that the imperfections of *Lucien Leuwen* might all have been worked out. And how, I wonder, would that third unwritten volume have crowned the work?

In many ways this work conforms to the pattern laid down by Stendhal's two other great novels. It is again about a young man, high-spirited, ambitious, heroic, being subjected to the cold drench of experience—and how gleefully Stendhal drenches him, again and again! There can be no other novelist whose motives are so transparent, though the transparency in the end only illustrates the complexity. Lucien is wealthy and well-placed, because Stendhal never had his place in the sun. He has long legs and clean-cut features, because Stendhal was stubby and fuzzy in appearance. He is young and silly, because Stendhal in his fifties longed for youth and silliness. He is continually subject to boredom, because boredom was the nightmare of Stendhal's life. He is constantly humiliated, because Stendhal must revenge himself and work out his own humiliations. He remains the admired beau, because Stendhal, if only by proxy, must be a beau and be admired. 'In Lucien', Stendhal says, of himself, 'there was always a certain horror of anything low which raised itself, like a wall of brass, between himself and experience'. As a writer it took Stendhal nearly all his life to pierce that wall; but in the end he did so, and his three novels are his final triumphant views of the world as seen from the citadel of himself.

Lucien Leuwen is set in a trough of history, a few years after the 1830 revolution. Stendhal's cunning in catching history off the beat is admirable, and makes one forget for a moment that this is strictly a contemporary, not a historical, novel. It is a political novel too; the fine shades of legitimist, ultra-bourgeois monarchist and republican opinion are caught with finality. The present is seen as if it were the past, a moment of time successfully embalmed. The novel was to be a trilogy covering Lucien's career; military service at Nancy; politics in Paris; diplomacy in Rome. Stendhal chose Nancy because he scarcely knew the town. He has completely constructed it, a little too thoroughly perhaps; but the feel of life as a self-centred whole in a fixed milieu was not to be so well rendered again until Proust. The politics too are excessive within the limits of this first volume, though not perhaps in proportion to the whole. The real themes of *The Green Hunts-*

man are—inevitably with Stendhal—the problem of how to arrive, and the anatomy of love. Not, I think, since 'The Winter's Tale' has love at first sight been caught with such lyric precision as it is here; and no portrait in fiction is as finely drawn as that of Bathilde de Chasteller. From her first appearance, like a Rossini heroine at her green-shuttered window, she narrowly but quite completely escapes the limits of conventional romance or opera. Approaching her, Stendhal loses nothing either of his exaltation or of his sense of reality; he achieves a hair's-breadth balance between the two. With Lucien and Bathilde he attains that Mozartean gaiety and tenderness which all his realism was meant only to intensify. But of course a cold douche, the coldest of the lot, is preparing. Local jealousy and intrigues fuse in Bathilde's doctor, who makes a pretext of a slight illness of hers to stage, for Lucien's benefit, a bogus illegitimate birth, complete with two-month-old baby. Stendhal's operatic tendencies can be charming, but this is worthy of *opera buffa*, of Donizetti at his worst. And on the novelist's level of cool realism it simply will not do. It is one of the episodes that might, one hopes, have been written out. There are others that needed writing in. Unless the reader is prepared for these obvious roughnesses he may find the book more exasperating than need be. But a little exasperation could scarcely be more generously rewarded. The translation as a whole seems to me to be of quite unusual merit.

The Trouble of One House is a cross-section study of the lives of a family and its nearest connections, covering a period of about one day. Elizabeth Rowan is dying. Her doctor, her husband, who is also a doctor, her priest and her nurse wait by her bedside for the end. The novel explores their emotions, their relations with each other, their past lives. In order to do so, the writer is compelled by the position he has chosen to have recourse to an unconscionable number of flashbacks or throwbacks, which recur with mesmerising regularity. Increasingly they become setbacks, and it is only when the backward of everyone's consciousness has been explored that the novel, two-thirds over, begins to acquire momentum; and that is too little and too late. It cannot prevent it from falling apart into groups of distinct short stories. Viewed as an aggregate of short stories, the book is a carefully considered and stylish piece of work. The writing is often impressive and never less than accomplished; but it is the kind of accomplishment of detail which defeats the design. For me it carries the style of sensuous impressionism, in which no telling detail is ever spared, to a point where it becomes as tiresome as a colour film. 'The Monsignor poured a skein of smoke into the air; slowly it widened, spilling blue silk above the candles'. It is all a model of a certain kind of writing, but the kind has now been over-written to a degree. The same degree of skill, applied to something more difficult, if more straightforward, might have results less sleek but more effective.

Sleekness is certainly not an attribute of *A*

Change of Heart, whose qualities are almost the reverse of its neighbour's. It seems to have been written with all the awkwardness of extreme haste, an awkwardness which even the reader in a hurry may find it hard to forgive. On page after page one alights on things that might have been better expressed. 'Her lips were anxious and staring; it was obvious she wanted to talk, so he kept silent. Besides, he entertained the vague hope that somewhere they would be able to renew the passionate intimacy with which his mind and body were entirely prepossessed'. On page 32 there is a paragraph of incoherence which I found impossible to unravel, and for which the printer cannot be entirely to blame. It should be some tribute to the novel that in spite of all this it can still be read. It is concerned with Howell Morris, a professor at a Welsh University, his wife Lucy, and her younger brother Frank. Howell's marriage is a failure, held together only by his and Lucy's concern for Frank, a boy of promise and a poet, who owes his education to Howell. The understanding between the two men is fractured by the painful facts of Lucy's death, but is eventually renewed. The chief virtue of the novel is certainly in the portrait of Howell, an unsympathetic being who is revealed with essential sympathy. Mr. Humphreys is a master of his chosen backgrounds, and writes with unmistakable feeling and a frequent flash of emotional insight. But precision is an essential ingredient of real passion, and it is not here present in sufficient degree.

F. L. Green's new novel conforms very closely to the pattern laid down by his first. *The Magician* is the frankest of melodramas, set in the Potteries. An employee in a multiple store discovers a talent for conjuring which wins him local celebrity. His wife is lightly involved with a gang of crooks. It is here that a familiar atmosphere sets in and thickens steadily towards the close. The leader of the gang one has already met before: 'This slim, medium-sized youth with his glossy hair, his pale face and his little dark eyes beneath dark brows, his ugly snub nose, his legs bowed by the rickets of infancy; this was something unique'. On the contrary. Another figure is even more fatally familiar: 'Amidst the chattering company, she queued it in fine clothes, dispensing drinks and cigarettes, her hoarse laugh like an invitation to reckless pleasure and a heedless disregard of morality'. Mr. Green has been described as a master of atmosphere, in itself a suspicious attribute. Atmosphere of a kind can be generated in bulk, like gas. He can certainly be a master of narrative, at moments of acute suspense. But his climax, in which a mad millionaire, a Citizen Kane of the Potteries, pursues with a pistol one of the humblest of the assistants in his emporium, because he is jealous of his powers as a conjuror, is of the kind which leaves the spectator awestruck. I say spectator, because it is a situation more likely to occur in films than in novels. In either case it induces the immense stupor of total incredulity.

DAVID PAUL

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

Voids and Vision

THE CHARLIE CHESTER SHOW last Saturday, the first of a series of four which may be extended if the venture is a success, must have caused momentary misgivings even to those indefatigable optimists who, incapable of learning from experience, cling to the notion that some day television variety may improve.

Let us admit right away that probably never before has the task of the variety comedian been as exacting as it is today. There is the incessant chase after new material; a joke once made on the air is known to millions, and cannot be used again. Where George Robey could year after year appear in the same sketch in every vaudeville house from the West End to Heckmondwyke, Terry-Thomas or Ted Ray has to renew himself week by week. The strain must be enormous; and since a man cannot change his character every seven days, or express it differently in a properly invented and presented 'turn', he inevitably falls back upon a series of 'gags', and becomes merely the mouth-piece of a hard-worked, jaded, and perhaps second-rate humorous writer.

This is the fate that befell Mr. Chester, who is sly rather than cheerful, and with his cheeky, ingratiating air looks as though he might develop into a Max Miller if he had that renowned comedian's audacity, and his speed, and timing. Early on in the show Mr. Chester had the misfortune to make a joke about the Minister of Food. Having made one, he made another; and a dreary succession of laboured witticisms about meat shortages followed,

each one redolent of the sweat of the brow and the midnight oil. These jests were—one cannot deny it—as complete failures as the most sadistic of us could hope to hear; and the gloom and depression they induced were never lifted. Other comedians came forward and attempted to liven us up: their jokes had the crispness of wet blotting-paper. They were met with a glum hostility by the studio audience, which audibly indicated its presence only by an occasional, isolated, and melancholy cachinnation, and did not once applaud until the end, when it pulled itself together, and gave a feeble clap. This audience, in fact, was so grim and silent that for a long while I doubted its existence, thinking that the occasional



Edmund Donlevy as Lunardo and Maureen Springer as Lucietta in the televised version of 'School for Fathers', a comic opera by Wolf-Ferrari



Scene from 'The Fair Queen of Wu', televised on March 16, with, left to right, Domini Callaghan as the Queen Mother, Donald Reed as Fu Chai, King of Wu, and Sonya Hana as Hsi-Shih



Scene from a television studio performance of 'Dinner at Eight', with, left to right, Jane Barrett, Jessie Royce Landis, and Percy Marmont, as Paula, Millicent and Oliver Jordan

guffaws must be coming from some hidden members of Mr. Chester's cast. Yet uneasily I felt that that could hardly be the real explanation, and half my mind was occupied by the vision of a score or so of depressed, bored, and resentful spectators pressing down, with sour visages, the full weight of their displeasure and disillusion upon the unhappy performers.

No variety comedian has yet, in my experience, succeeded in managing a studio audience satisfactorily. The desire for such an audience is comprehensible; it is hard work to propel joke after joke into a dead void, though comedians on the screen manage

chorus were ill-judged in relation to these backcloths, into which they merged confusingly. Often the screen became an indistinguishable medley, in which it was difficult to see what was going on.

The comic opera, 'School for Fathers', might easily have gone worse than it did. The singing was excellent, neither too loud nor too low. But the acting was stiff, and the comedy not much apparent. But here was an agreeable evening's entertainment, provided it is not too often repeated.

Last week's instalment of the serial in the Children's Hour which juvenile viewers are writing themselves seemed excellent. The idea of inducing children actively to co-operate in devising an entertainment is one of those admirable notions in which the Children's Hour is so much more prolific than any other department in television. This is not perhaps the way

it successfully enough. Usually the studio audience is much too responsive; it applauds so loudly and with such obvious insincerity that the viewer is irritated and repelled. On the other hand, if it plainly dislikes a show, its effect in the home can be very depressing. This is an unhappy problem, and it cries urgently for a solution.

So, in the Charlie Chester show, does the question of backgrounds. Some of these distorted Gothic roofs, and hills and valleys rolling in twisted sympathy, much as one sees in illustrations of Hans Andersen; others showed white Mediterranean weather - moulded houses by picturesque harbours. In themselves they were pleasing enough, if not imaginatively striking. But the costumes of the

to secure a unified work of art, and no doubt Aristotle would find much to criticise in the finished product, but it is a wonderful stimulant to creative imagination. It is producing a quite admirable story of smugglers, and a mysterious Shadow who talks in a very impressive and gentlemanly voice, and is an ardent supporter of the discoveries of modern science, especially of the microphone which enables him to overhear secret conversations.

HAROLD HOBSON

BROADCAST DRAMA

The Dickens of a Job

IS IT, AS SOME SAY, even now the twilight of sound radio drama, the lengthening of the shadows for the players of Portland Place? Whenever I go into the pub and see the silent toppers open-mouthed before Ibsen ('Ghosts' in the four-ale bar!—surely the ghost of Clement Scott must rise?), I think 'Yes, only a matter of time now, before sound drama goes the way of the pianola, the silent film and the inter-urban telegram'. But on thinking it over I am not sure that radio drama has not still a vast function to perform where television can hardly compete: tenor recitals, now, or university lecturers, or—well, there are many things on which invisibility still confers distinction. It is a vast field, and if the adjectives were not so incongruous, one might call it a virgin field of educative possibilities; for instance, Dickens by ear will still be an easier proposition than Dickens by eye.

As, each year, fewer and fewer children are able to read (in the sense of being able to create imaginatively off the printed page—headlines and strip cartoons being a different category) so the wise governess of London West One must shoulder an ever heavier burden. But for the B.B.C., neither the Bible stories, nor the Greek myths, nor the once unifying tales of the great novelists would reach a tenth of the rising generation. If they can't read at least they may pick up some of this once indispensable information. So much must be counted for righteousness in our criticism of any adapter of Jane Austen or Thackeray or Dickens, however foolhardy the enterprise may seem from a purely artistic point of view.

The *Pickwick Papers*, which started a serial life on Sunday, sets formidable problems for the adapter (John Keir Cross). Superficially few novelists might seem readier for the slaughter than Dickens, who loved dramatically to read aloud his own stories. But reading aloud and the degree of dramatisation here essayed are two very different things. The characters here were fully detached from their creator and had to set out on their own, even as much as if they had been actors stepping out of the wings on to a lighted stage—Mr. Jingle, the Fat Boy, Old Mrs. Wardle and all, their task further complicated by the fact that some in their audience have the strongest prejudices about them. But it takes little guile to see that though a character may remain perfectly 'true' and 'real' as long as he is attached to his creator by that umbilical cord of narrative style, he may simply cease to work when launched on his own as a *persona dramatis* and may, like a puppet out of control, fold forward and lie still. A wily compromise is attempted, here: there are two 'presenters' (Messrs. Chapman and Hall) who act in effect as puppet masters and fill in the blank spaces in these characters and scenes from *Pickwick* with a sort of Dickensian gravity of puns, bounce and bonhomie. This does have the effect of producing an atmosphere for the characters to breathe, but does not, unfortunately, cope with the other considerable difficulty of putting Dickens on the air; the fact that on the printed

page it matters not a scrap that all these creatures are of different sizes; pygmies, giants, sentimental portraits and wildly overstuffed caricatures. What a task these disproportions set a company of actors who must all, to some extent, be of a size, all play with a common sense of a prevailing 'tone'. Some of Sunday's playing sounded quite reckless, but I think one can hardly blame the performers.

'Caesar's Friend' is an old friend. This time I was struck by the pressure of excitement which only real sincerity gives to a production (Owen Reed). The later scenes between Pontius Pilate and his wife bit strongly into the imagination. It was a good choice for the date. 'Everyman' I shall have to leave until later—and lack of space must, I see, preclude the dissection of the Women's Suffrage feature which I had promised myself.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE SPOKEN WORD

My Dear Young Dutch

THE CASE OF the Vermeer forgeries some years ago raised some very awkward questions for people like me who flatter themselves that they have rather a pretty taste in pictures. How humiliating to have discovered, after indulging in a lot of exalted feelings in front of a newly found Vermeer, that the thing was a sham and not a very good one at that! Even though this painful accident did not befall me, the knowledge that it had befallen sharper wits than mine was very disquieting. Would it be safe, next time I visited the National Gallery, to let myself go in front of Uccello's 'Rout of San Romano' or that Madonna and Child of Cosimo Tura's to which I had always been so incautiously partial? Because, after all, you never know, do you? Nor was it only the amateurs who were shaken; art critics and the scientists who dabble in pigments and varnishes were uncomfortably jolted when that Dutch picture, pronounced to be worth £52,000, dropped to a mere £50 simply because the name and date of the artist were found to be other than was supposed.

It was nasty questions such as this that were discussed in 'The Counterfeit in Art' on the Home Service last week by Helmut Ruhemann, Eric Newton and Loraine Conran. Eric Newton acted also as chairman and his unobtrusive control insured that the discussion kept a straight course. The speakers dealt with the problems fairly, squarely and comprehensively and, what is more, they answered them more reassuringly than I have yet heard them answered.

It was, as it turned out, a far cry from this clear and orderly discussion to last week's instalment of 'Argument'. I seldom find political discussions, as such, either entertaining or productive of new ideas, but they may be both if listened to as displays of good broadcasting and skilful debating. In this broadcast, however—the third of four discussions between Tom Driberg, M.P., and Randolph Churchill—Mr. Churchill's lapses from good manners and his passionate pursuit of red-herrings drew him from their chosen subject into such a riot of irrelevancies that I spent, to say the least of it, a very tedious half-hour. The listener has a right to expect something better than this.

By way of an antidote I swallowed fifty-five consecutive minutes of poetry next evening; 'The Pleasure's Mine' on the Light and a selection from the poems of Lawrence Durrell on the Third. They overlapped by five minutes, but I eluded this difficulty by abandoning 'The May Queen' in mid-course. That this was no hardship was Tennyson's fault, not Barbara Jefford's who read it very well. For this programme Wilfred Pickles had deliberately chosen

a handful of schoolroom chestnuts—'Lord Ullin's Daughter', 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', Browning's 'How they Brought the Good News . . .', and others—and it was surprising to discover how well they had kept. Best of all was Peggy Ashcroft's reading of 'The Lady of Shalott'. Her voice was refreshingly free from that vibrant womanly emotion which vitiates the reading of so many of her sex: she achieves the required expression by variations of tone within a narrow compass, a faultless elocution and an exquisite sense of rhythm. It was a rare treat to listen.

To switch across from these simple verses, which mean no more than they say and say no more than they mean, to the poetry of Lawrence Durrell, is to jump not merely from one century to another but from one world to another. For me Mr. Durrell is a difficult poet: I had neither read nor heard any of these poems and their meaning kept eluding me, but I was carried away by the richness and beauty of their imagery and would willingly have listened to many more.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Haydn Gesamtausgabe

ONE OF THE BENEFITS of broadcasting is that it brings musicians opportunities of hearing at once the results of recent scholarship and research. On New Year's Day the Third Programme began a series of concerts, spread over ten weeks, at which we have heard the six 'Paris' Symphonies of Haydn as published a month or two earlier in the first volume of the new complete edition of the composer's works. This handsomely printed volume has in fact been 'realised' for our ears by Mr. Harry Blech and his London Mozart Players. In the old days we should have been lucky if some enterprising conductor had taken up one of the symphonies once in a blue moon.

These symphonies, written after that fruitful contact with Mozart, are among the most spirited that Haydn wrote, though they have not the fullness and depth of the London sets. Perhaps it was his deliberate design to satisfy Parisian tastes. The most serious movement is the *Largo* oddly named *capriccio*, of No. 86 in D, which also most clearly shows the influence of Mozart in its passionate chromaticisms.

The symphonies need, for their fullest revelation, a more pointed, brighter treatment than Mr. Blech gave them; and I should have thought that in a series of this nature Haydn's repeats ought to be more often observed. I do not understand why conductors nowadays give us all the repeats in a Minuet, but, generally speaking, omit them elsewhere. Their omission in the first movement is apt to make the design seem smaller than it was meant to be, while in the variation-form it reduces the movement to a series of little unexpanded pieces. (Performers of Schubert's Octet, please note!) That said, one can only express gratitude for the care and good musicianship which had gone to the preparation of these performances.

Concerning the edition itself, particulars of which may be obtained from Dr. Kalmus at 24 Pulteney Street, W.1, I will only remark that a splendid piece of work has been marred by the translation of the preface and 'text revision' (or 'critical notes', as it should be called) having been entrusted to someone with an inadequate knowledge of English musical terms. 'Soprano-key' (for *clef*) is confusing, and I will stand up till death for the good old crotchet and quaver in the face of the rising tide of German-American vulgar fractions!

The six programmes were by no means addressed only to musicologists. Haydn's Symphonies are always a delight to hear and, in this

case, they were not off-loaded upon the listener in bulk, but judiciously spaced out and mated with an exceptionally good selection from Mozart's less-known works. Taken as a whole the series was a model of good programme-building in this kind, the only weakness being the inclusion in the final one last week of Mozart's Twelve Minuets. Resourceful and inventive though Mozart was in the handling of the form, and delightful as every one of these pieces individually is, twelve of them in a row was too much of a good thing. They were com-

posed for the Court Balls at the Imperial Palace, and were never intended for solemn concert-performance one after the other.

Dargomizhsky's 'The Stone Guest' proved much more exciting than I had expected. For, apart from Laura's Italianate songs, it is all in recitative. But there was real dramatic tension, especially towards the end. Splendidly performed in Paris, it 'went' in French much better than Janáček's song-cycle on the previous evening did in English. All Mr. Lewis' skill did not avail to cover the contradiction between the transla-

tion and the original Czech inflections. Yet the intentions of the two composers were, as Mr. Rutland's note pointed out, much the same.

Of new music I heard Egon Wellesz' Octet, a sombre offspring of a characteristically Viennese form, in which poetry makes up for the comparative lack of blitheness; and the programme on Saturday, in which Pamela Harrison's lyrical Sonata for viola and pianoforte and Racine Fricker's Fughettas for two pianos were the best things.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Mátyás Seiber: Style and Technique

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

The first broadcast performance of Mátyás Seiber's *Fantasia Concertante* for Violin and String Orchestra will be given on Tuesday, March 27, at 7.50 p.m. (Third)

FEW readers of Joyce's *Ulysses* remained unimpressed by the essentially musical qualities of the book, and most would express surprise on being informed that—until recently—no composer attempted the task of its musical interpretation. The reason seems to be clear: its faithful re-creation in terms of music must convey the content of, and at the same time render the diversity of techniques employed in, this monumental work of art. Seiber accepted the challenge and his successful attempt proves his skill in selecting and adopting various musical styles and methods of construction to suit the particular demands of the occasion.

Let us define the words 'style' and 'technique' first: it is suggested that 'technique' shall denote here the skill of organising the elements of musical construction, and 'style' a particular mode of expression distinguished by special characteristics of construction. There is an intricate relationship between the two concepts: obviously style is inconceivable without its suitably organised elements; on the other hand technique is not a particular attribute of any one style.

A survey of Seiber's music will lead us to discover that he consistently resolved stylistic problems into technical factors: this is an important characteristic of his musical personality. Kodály, who in his teaching always insisted on technical finish, made a decisive impression on his musical consciousness: Seiber's First String Quartet (1925), and his Serenade for Wind Instruments (1925) bear unmistakable traces of his master's idiom, not only in the Kodályian flavour of its thematic material but also—which is more important—in the purity of treatment and formal scheme. In the Serenade Seiber's gift for caricature, a satirising tone which endowed his later 'functional' music with a character of its own, is also clearly noticeable. Nor were the lessons of the folk-music movement without lasting consequence: the dynamism of his vigorous rhythmic patterns derives partly from this source and partly from the impulses of jazz which he considered a special type of folk-music and which engaged his attention at a subsequent period. His *Missa Brevis* illustrates his understanding of the principles of vocal polyphony.

His stay in Germany brought him into contact with the various styles and techniques of the day: this was the time when the welter of post-war experiments were gradually consolidated into a generally accepted style. Jazz, functional music, neo-classicism: these were the main impulses of the period, all of which enriched Seiber's technical equipment with important elements. The contribution of jazz has already been mentioned: its influence is felt in almost

all of Seiber's quick movements in which rhythmic interest is predominating. The various types of 'functional' music—a genre which entailed the unmistakable musical representation of the subject—developed his sense of stylisation as well as his technical alertness. His incidental music to Goethe's 'Faust', occasioned by a broadcast performance, is probably the most important.

Yet it is in his 'neo-classical' works that we discern Seiber's mature musical personality most clearly. Instead of describing the style, let us refer to his *Divertimento* for Clarinet and String Quartet (1928), whose predominantly contrapuntal texture, free yet unmistakably tonal harmonic implications, wholesome instrumental writing, clarity of design, and above all conspicuous rhythmic drive, display its distinctive features. *Sonata da Camera* for Violin and Cello (1925), a work immediately preceding it, already shows a number of kindred elements, yet in a less assimilated and balanced state.

The technique of some of the smaller-calibre works may be understood as a transition to his twelve-note style. In *Fantasy* for Cello and Piano (1941) the fourth is prominent both melodically and chordally, and in *Scherzando Capriccioso* for Piano (1944) it is the semitone and whole tone which determine the structure and character of the work.

That the twelve-note system would exercise a strong attraction on Seiber was not unexpected, though to discover that his first relevant essay dates from 1935 would cause some surprise. His Second String Quartet shows his grasp of the principle and mastery of its application: he employs the advanced forms of the technique which is evident from the particular structure of the basic row, and from its 'sectional' treatment. His astonishing skill is shown in the middle movement, an *Intermezzo*: this is an authentic 'blues' whose intoxicating 'top-line' and sultry atmosphere would be appreciated by every connoisseur of 'functional' music.

While in 'Ulysses' twelve-note technique and traditional methods were employed side by side and simultaneously because the nature of the text conditioned its musical representation, i.e. the question of a consistent style could not be but subordinate in view of the subject, in the *Fantasia Concertante* for Violin and Strings (1944) twelve-note technique is used throughout, displaying some individual features and Seiberian modifications *within the principle*. These deviations could often be interpreted as concessions to the display of the solo instrument. Here, and in the Third String Quartet, nearing completion, the doctrinaire strictness of the Second String Quartet, where the rigour of Schönberg's original postulates are faithfully followed, gives place to a considerable freedom of treatment.

Thus the basic row itself is frequently changing its shape: extraneous notes or groups are interpolated, 'splinter'-groups—usually in the form of chords and their figuration—are repeated, and notes included in altered serial position. The rhapsodic second paragraph of the opening, on the solo violin, presents a five-note group where the original first note (b-flat) is 'transposed' to the fourth place, accompanied by the three-note group which ends the original row. Yet in spite of its free treatment, the coherence of the work as a whole is largely due to the purposeful organisation of the basic material. This is true no less of the harmonic plan than of the contrapuntal fabric. Their balance is seen in the opening of the Scherzo: the harmony of the orchestra represented by two chords formed by the first four and last three notes of the row, is set against the capricious theme of the solo violin derived from the remaining notes of the series. But the inspiration and execution of the *Lento* section would show Seiber's musicianship most convincingly: the spontaneous simplicity and calm beauty of this passage conceal a superb mastery of resources.

Nor is the design of the *Fantasia* less original; Seiber here shows a responsiveness to impulses of historic evolution without sacrificing his individual convictions. The work consists of one movement to be performed without interruption, yet it divides into quite clearly defined sections. The conception is not unlike that of Schönberg's *Kammersymphonie*, though its sections are more organically interrelated.

The monochrome of the instrumental disposition would seem at first less auspicious in a work built on the principles of twelve-note technique: the contrast between solo and orchestra could obviously not depend on the opposition of their respective thematic material since they derive from one and the same source. Thus the difference of rhythmic articulation, formal function, and consequently emotional significance is exploited instead, in addition to the relatively restricted possibilities of contrasted dynamics.

The considerable advance of the *Fantasia* on the Second String Quartet should not be measured merely by its increased individuality of twelve-note technique: let us rather appreciate its consequence. While the formal pattern of the Quartet was largely fortuitous—especially in the kaleidoscopic last movement—here we find a scheme whose clear proportions depend on the balance of contrast and repetition with reference to the general layout of the whole, as well as the pattern of the constituent sections and the organisation of thematic paragraphs. The acute logic of Seiber's musical thinking attained appropriate expression here; which is the vindication of any technique.

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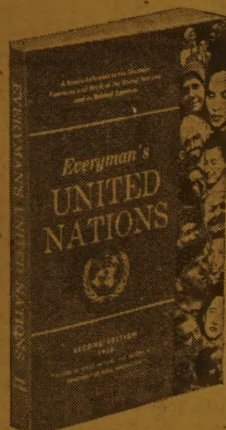
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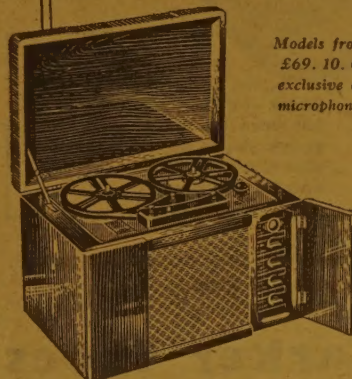
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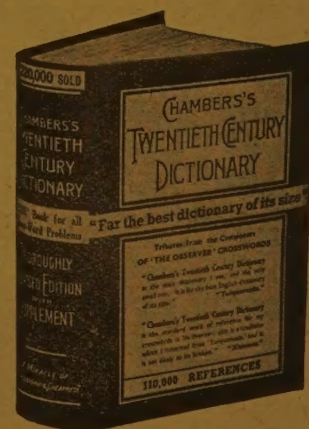
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THE LISTENER

(See crossword No. 1,087 March 1st)

"Chambers's T.C. Dictionary has been used as the authority for words and definitions."

Recipes for the Housewife

WAYS OF PRESERVING EGGS

THERE ARE TWO popular methods of preserving eggs. Either you can brush the eggs with a shell sealing compound or you can immerse the eggs into a solution such as waterglass. Whichever method is used the principle is the same, the shells of the eggs must be covered completely.

It is very important that the eggs should be fresh; not more than seven days old. On the other hand—this is for those who keep their own chickens—eggs should never be preserved till twenty-four hours after they are laid, to make sure they are quite cold.

To housewives who have limited storage space I recommend the dry sealing method. There are a number of wax or grease compounds sold specially for preserving eggs. The best method of using the substance will be given on the packet, but whether it is brushed or rubbed on, or melted before dipping in each egg, you will find it a good idea, after coating the eggs, to spread them on to a cake rack to dry before packing them in layers into a box or tin.

Waterglass preserving is easy too, but for this method a deep crock or bucket with a lid is needed because the eggs are stored in a liquid and naturally they take up more storage space. Be sure the container does not leak, because the solution dries off leaving a white sediment which means hard work to remove it from the slab or tiles. Dissolve the waterglass by mixing in cold water; the usual proportion is a 1-lb. tin to 1 gallon of water. When well mixed, put in the eggs and make sure they are covered by the solution. If they float to the top put a plate on them, but if they go on floating, check to see if the waterglass is too strong. If all the eggs immediately rise to the surface as they are put in, it may be necessary to add a little more water. If the liquid is the right strength, the eggs will

be suspended in it, not quite resting on the bottom of the pan, although some small lighter eggs may come near the surface. After placing the eggs in the solution, cover the container and store it in the coolest possible place.

I am afraid there is no guarantee that eggs distributed through the shops reach us within seven days, but I know of many people who have had very good results from preserving them, and think it is worth the risk. It would be most unwise to expect to keep them more than two or three months, and you cannot blame the shop if they do not keep. I would not recommend preserving duck eggs.

DOREEN DAVIES

A RABBIT FOR EASTER

This recipe for Creamed Rabbit Casserole makes rabbit taste quite different from the familiar rabbit flavour. For four people you need:

- 4 legs of rabbit
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of prunes
- 1 oz. of margarine
- 2 large onions
- 2 large carrots
- 1 tablespoon of flour
- 1 tin of evaporated milk
- salt and pepper

Soak the rabbit in salt water, or water with vinegar added, for three hours. At the same time soak your prunes in very hot water. Melt the margarine in a saucepan and add chopped onions and diced carrots; but don't fry them. Put the rabbit on top of the vegetables and then pour in the milk. Add seasoning and bring the whole thing to the boil. When boiling turn the heat as low as possible. Leave for one hour, adding the prunes at the end of $\frac{1}{2}$ -hour.

Put the rabbit, vegetables and prunes in a casserole. You are now going to make a sauce

with your milk; it may have curdled a little but that does not matter. Mix your flour with some ordinary milk or water until it is a cream. Add this to the milk in your pan and cook till the mixture thickens. Pour the sauce over the rabbit and put it in a rather less than moderate oven for 2 hours.

HECTOR LEAKE

Some of Our Contributors

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER (page 443): foreign editor of *Paris-Presse*

PHILIP TOYNBEE (page 445): a member of the staff of *The Observer*; has recently returned from a tour of the Near East, which included Palestine, Persia and Turkey

J. W. DAVIDSON (page 453): Professor of Pacific History, Australian National University, Canberra, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Trusteeship Officer to the Government of Western Samoa and Member of Legislative Assembly, 1949-50

HERBERT BUTTERFIELD (page 457): Professor of Modern History, Cambridge University; editor of the *Cambridge Historical Journal*; author of *The Origins of Modern Science*; *Christianity and History*; *George III, Lord North and the People*, etc.

REV. NATHANIEL MICKLEM, D.D., LL.D. (page 458): Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford; author of *National Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church*; *The Theology of Politics*; etc.

BONAMY DOBREE, O.B.E. (page 468): Professor of English Literature, Leeds University; author of *Restoration Comedy and Restoration Tragedy*; *John Wesley*, etc.; editor of *Letters of Lord Chesterfield*

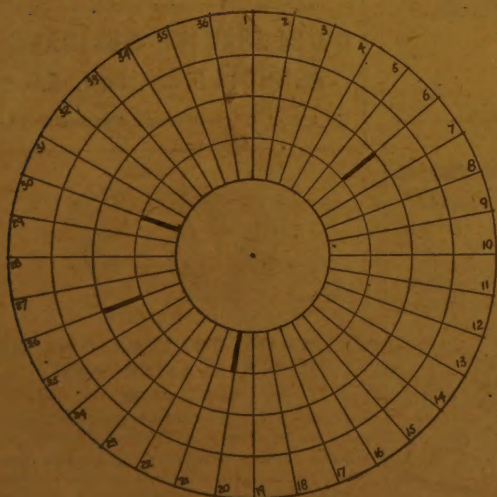
Crossword No. 1,090.

Poetic Circles—II.

By Pipeg

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s.6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 29



Some part of each radial clue gives a word, or words, (A), of the number of letters indicated after it. In each clue there is one other word, (B), either standing alone, or hidden in other words. In a few cases the word (B) may be a standard abbreviation. The letters of the word (B) are to be deleted, in their normal order, from the word(s) (A), leaving four letters in each case. These letters are to be inserted along a radius, from centre to circumference; except when R follows the number of the clue, then the direction is reversed. E.g., 'The luck of dices is remarkable' (8)—the word (A) is GAMBLERS, the word (B) is ABLE and the letters to insert would be GMRS.

The names of the poets from whom quotations are taken are clued separately. When the diagram is completed, these quotations will be seen by reading round circles, or parts of circles. A bar indicates the start, or finish, of those quotations which do not occupy a complete circle.

Poets' Names

Radius 6. This poet half a Trollope title shows (4)
Radius 8. This one can change the colour of your clothes (4)

Innards

21-25 Initial —; his name sounds like a flower pure (1, 4)
26-30 Initial —; his name's a colour drab, be sure. (1, 4)

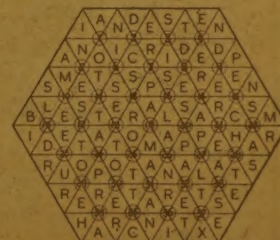
Radial Clues

1. Indecidable noun used by P.T. instructor (6).
2R. Feloniously carrying away a sprig of mint (9).
3R. Killed (poetically) with a joiner's auger (10). 4. Fond of the black cat on the S.S. *Bounty* (6). 5R. 'Endure to the end or be cast out' said Knox (4, 3). 7. Though torn to shreds, the silk still glistened (9). 9. Beer-froth flavour is good in Aran (4, 4). 10R. Describes attributes of a Greek hero—in showing a clean pair of heels? (9). 11. Invite all comers in the period between two acts (8). 12. Converse with the person to whom the bill is assigned (8). 13R. A gold-coloured baton for Rae Jenkins (7). 14. Constantly following the tracks of the gig (7). 15. He had no peace until tried by his peers (9). 16. A nobleman is capable of being indicated by some sign (9). 17. An over-hasty fellow this, missing his foot-hold (8). 18. Ships do, to indicate surrender. Terms arranged at Stress (6, 4). 19. A 'broken

reed' who maintained opposition to the end (8). 20. Do American 'G.I.s' really speak our language? (7). 21. It is a lively dance to the shepherd's pipe (3, 3). 22R. Push along a barrow like a true British workman (7). 23R. 'Fine fellow' in U.S.A.—what glib talk! (3, 3). 24R. The prisoner might rail and, for punishment, turn this wheel (9). 25R. Quality of sourness shown by Cdt. Smith (7). 26R. A coarse homespun dress might be required (6). 27. What a mouthful he said! Scribble it down. (A soft pencil helps) (6). 28R. A radish having a rough dry taste as the rustics say (7). 29R. He had a soft job at G.H.Q. in 1914. Bella knew the fella(h) (4-5). 30R. When the lady can propose under the pear tree (4-4). 31. The lion must be tame to eat straw like the ox (8). 32R. Bait for fishing in these two Scottish rivers (3, 4). 33R. This old embrace of a partner is amateurish (5, 4). 34R. Archer's friend in an early comedy. Dorinda loved him well (7). 35. Both free to be raised by the rampant lion (8). 36R. Making one's way to dig in the fields (7).

Solution of No. 1,088

Prizewinners:
J. C. R. Clapham (Kettering); M. F. Howard (Cambridge); A. Law (New Malden); T. Titchmarsh (Ewell); G. Webster (London, S. W. 7)



NOTES

5, 22 and 29 are anti-clockwise. 18 = Turnabout. 23 = Round about way. 25 = Love-apple. 32 = ALTERNATE. 34 = FOUNDER. 36 = IT-NEAR, RETAIN.

CROSSWORD RULES—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

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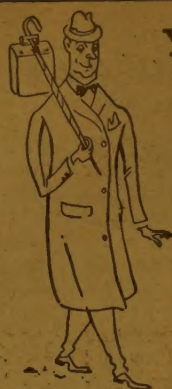
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